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It is not in controversy that Mr. Max Müller chiefly shines. His method is faulty. In place of stating his adversaries' case once for all, giving references to their names and books, he returns again and again to such a subject as "Totemism" without ever setting forth what Totemism, in the opinion of say Mr. J. G. Frazer, really is in all its modifications. As a general rule, he hints and alludes to his English adversaries, states their views in his own way, and furnishes no reference either to the name or the book of the person with whom he is concerned. Sometimes it is, perhaps, impossible to know, and perilous to guess, whom Mr. Max Müller has in his mind. In four lines, on one page, he attributes to one anthropologist the exact opposite of two of that unlucky man's own opinions. Though the error is one of pure inadvertence, it is, none the less, inconvenient.

The controversy is mainly on the old subject. Mr. Max Müller and the philo-

logical school explain the problem of mythology by a "disease of language." They analyse ancient mythical names, disengage their original meanings, and, in the light of these meanings, explain the myths. The anthropological school object to the whole method. They point out—quoting Shrader, Tiele, Curtius, Mannhardt, and other scholars—that the analysis of old mythical proper names is a perilous task. This they substantiate by showing that there are almost as many discrepant analyses of the names Athene and Artemis and Achilles, and almost as many alleged original meanings of these names, as there are scholars who attempt to solve the problems. They then object to the logical processes by which the meanings of names, as directly given by divers etymologists, are made to explain the myths. And they point to myths very similar among races who never heard the Greek or Sanskrit names. Meanwhile the anthropologists explain the ugly myths of civilisation as "survivals" among Aryans or Egyptians, from a stage of savagery. Analysing the savage stage of intellect, they demonstrate that the ugly civilised tales are in harmony both with savage thought and ritual, and with the tales which savages actually tell.

This theory and method have assuredly superseded the philological theory and method to a considerable extent. The names of Mr. J. G. Frazer, Prof. Robertson Smith, Mr. Farnell, Mr. Jevons, the folklorists generally (with exceptions), speak for England. Dr. Tylor is the founder, as it were, of the method, in recent times, though he usually applies it to other subjects. In Germany, Mannhardt (*ob.* 1880), rather as folklorist than anthropologist, sets the most powerful example. He doubted, at least, the adequacy of the philological method; he formulated the other method. "The study of the lower races is an invaluable instrument," and so on, while the philological method "in its practical working shows a fundamental lack of the historical sense." Dr. Oldenberg, to judge by Mr. Max Müller's polemic, has applied anthropology to the Veda. In France, M. Henri Gaidoz, with many others; in Italy, Prof. Enrico Morselli, and others, follow similar paths. Against all this view, Mr. Max Müller skirmishes rather than fights a regular battle.

In vol. i., p. 4, our author writes, apropos of the metamorphosis of Daphne:

"Mr. Lang quotes an illustration from the South Pacific that Tuna, the chief of the eels, fell in love with Ina, and asked her to cut off his head. . . . Two coconuts sprang up from the buried brain of Tuna. How is this, I may ask, to account for the story of Daphne?"

How, indeed? But who ever said that it did? Mr. Max Müller, as usual, gives no reference. What Mr. Lang says in *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (i. 159) as to Daphne is this:

"We may venture to suppose that the story of her change into a laurel is either one of the old stock of similar myths, such as we find among savages, or has been moulded by a poet on the same model. . . . These myths are nature myths, as far as they attempt to account for a fact in

nature—namely, for the existence of certain plants and for their place in ritual—the view of Mannhardt."

Such myths, stories to account for a fact, of any sort whatever, are known as "ætiological." So Mr. Max Müller himself writes: "The Tuna story belongs to a very well-known class of ætiological plant-stories, which are meant to explain a no longer intelligible name of a plant, such as snakes-head," &c. Precisely. Where is the difference? Mr. Lang would probably say that such ætiological plant-myths sometimes explain the peculiarities of the plant or "its place in ritual"; sometimes explain the etymology of its name. These latter are myths of "folk-etymology," as when Duddingstone Loch, near Edinburgh, is explained by the tale that Queen Mary as a child "dudded," or made "ducks and drakes" with stones on the water. Or, again, "marmalade" is *Marie malade*—Queen Mary having eaten marmalade when sea-sick as she came over from France. Folk-etymologies try to explain the etymology of a name of a plant, person, place, or what not. Does the myth of Daphne attempt to explain the etymology of a name? Does the myth explain the name to an ancient Greek? In Mr. Max Müller's oft-repeated theory, Daphne = Dahanâ, Ahanâ = Dawn (ii. 630). How far other scholars agree with him here, and as to Athene = *Dahanâ*, may be learned from the works of Welcker, where Athene is "a feminine personification of the upper air"; of Benfey, who looked for Athene in Zend; of Curtius, who voted for "the root *dh*"; of Preller, who prefers *alh*, whence *alhnp*, or *alh*, whence *alhōs*; of Schwartz and Furtwängler, who hold by Athene as "the cloud goddess," or "the goddess of lightning"; while Robertson Smith, reasoning from the ægeus, connects Athene with a Goat tribe of Totemists! Do "folk-etymologies" produce this amusing unanimity of scholarly opinion? And did Mr. Lang, who tells the story of Tuna in a crowd of other plant stories, say that it accounted for the story of Daphne? He referred it (if really a myth, and not a late poetical invention) to a notorious habit of the savage intellect, the "levelling up" of men, beasts, plants, and inorganic nature. *Without* this intellectual habit, such stories (as Sainte-Beuve acutely remarks) could not be told at all. A modern man—say Mr. Herbert Spencer—who had never in all his life heard a tale of metamorphosis could not invent one. His intellect has not the necessary categories with which the savage stage has supplied us.

As a little clear exposition is worth a world of bickering, we shall explain this matter of folk-etymologies. The village of Stanton Harcourt has given rise to an ætiological myth. An English king, in a battle with the Danes, called out to his general (doubtless, also, his kinsman), "Stand to un, Harcourt!" This etymology, explanatory of the origin of a name, gives birth to a myth. Well, but is the story of Daphne a myth of folk-etymology? Certainly the original Greek narrator did not know that Daphne meant Dawn any more than the English rustic knew what Stanton Harcourt means. But when the rustic in-

vented the fable of "Stand to un, Harcourt!" he had explained the etymology of the name Stanton Harcourt to himself and his friends. He had got what he wanted. On the other hand, when an early Greek said that a laurel grew out of the place where the earth opened and swallowed Daphne as she fled from Apollo, what had he got? Had he explained the etymology of the word "Daphne"? No; he had invented a tale to account for the sacredness of the laurel ("daphne") to the remorseful Apollo. He had not rendered the name "Daphne" by an etymology intelligible to himself. Marmalade = *Marie malade*, renders marmalade by an etymology intelligible to the popular mind. Stanton Harcourt = "Stand to un, Harcourt," renders Stanton Harcourt by an etymology no less acceptable. To say that a daphne plant sprang from the spot where Daphne was buried does not give an etymology of the word "Daphne," does it?

The process—Mr. Max Müller's process—of the development of myth by "a disease of language" is absolutely distinct from the development of myth by folk-etymologies. Folk-etymologies give a mythical explanation of the etymology of a name. Myth caused by disease of language does nothing of the kind.

Thus, an Aryan, before the separation, said, "The keeper of the gates of the sun pursues the light one." The Aryans separated; those of India kept the original word for "the light one," in the form "Ahanā," "Dahanā." The Aryans of Greece kept it (losing its meaning) in the shape "Daphne," the name of a shrub. They also retained the Aryan word for "the keeper of the gates of light" in the shape "Apollo." They also held on, amid changes of language which rendered its original form partly unintelligible to them, to the Aryan phrase, "the keeper of the gates of light pursues the light one." Out of this phrase the word for "pursues" remained perfectly clear, while "keeper" and "light one" (Apollo and Daphne) had lost all intelligible sense and became meaningless proper names. The phrase, the old surviving Aryan phrase, now stood, in Greek, "Apollo pursues Daphne." But the Greeks had a plant called daphne, sacred to Apollo. Why? They did not know, so they combined their information. The Daphne that Apollo pursued, in the unintelligible phrase, must mean that the plant—the daphne, or laurel—grew up on the spot where the earth opened and swallowed the nymph whom Apollo loved.

We know of no proof that verbs retain their meaning in language, in a phrase that persists, while adjectives and nouns become unintelligible proper names. But, even if this is so, does the story of Daphne explain to any Greek hearer the etymology of the words "Daphne" and "Apollo"? Folk-etymology is one thing, the "disease of language" of Mr. Max Müller's hypothesis is another. Seldom do two scholars, in any given case, diagnose the disease in the same way. Therefore, and for other reasons many, their competing discrepancies of interpretation are no basis for another science, that of mythology. Our space is exhausted. But (ii. 737) Mr. Max Müller explains the

Athenian custom of ἀρκτεῖον (to dance a bear-dance) thus: "They [the dancers] were Arkades [Arcadians], and why not ἀρκτοὶ (bears), and if ἀρκτοὶ, why not clad in bear-skins, and all the rest?" (ii. 738). Why not, indeed? only the bear-dancers were not Arcadians. They chanced to be Athenian maidens, as Mr. Max Müller had just quoted Harpocration.

MILL ON POETRY.

Early Essays of John Stuart Mill. Selected by J. W. M. Gibbs. (G. Bell & Sons.)

BETWEEN 1829 and 1844 Mill was making his mark as a critical and polemical writer in the columns of the *London and Westminster Reviews*. He afterwards put together such of these early essays as he thought worth preserving into a volume *On Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy* (1844)—not, as Mr. Gibbs says, "his first book," for the *System of Logic* was published in 1843—and into four volumes of *Dissertations and Discussions* (1859-1875). Both these works are now out of print, and Mr. Gibbs has thought it worth while to reprint the former, together with a few miscellaneous pieces, of which most are to be found in the *Dissertations*. It need hardly be said that these writings, interesting as many of them are, do not give us Mill at his best. They are but journalism after all—careful and serious journalism, but journalism still—and Mill had not those ready felicities of style which alone make reprinted journalism tolerable. They will not stand even by the more substantial treatises on the *System of Logic* and the *Principles of Political Economy*, much less by that remarkable "human document," the *Autobiography*, or those thoughtful and robust essays *On Liberty* and *On Representative Government*, which for so many have been the first impulse towards an enlightened political and social speculation. With some of the contents of the present volume we cannot now occupy ourselves. The interest of Mill's early studies in economics is by this time little more than historical, and much the same may be said of the essay on Jeremy Bentham, a sufficiently luminous analysis of the doctrine from which Mill's own philosophy took its rise—"the hole of the pit whence he was digged." But there is a group of essays which are curious as marking something of a crisis in the writer's career, and of these perhaps a few words may be said. They are respectively headed *What is Poetry?* (1833), *The Two Kinds of Poetry* (1833), and *Tennyson's Poems* (1835). In that stupendous upbringing of Mill which the *Autobiography* relates, poetry played a very insignificant part. The elder Mill, it is recorded, "never was a great admirer of Shakespeare"; and though, of course, the boy read Homer and Virgil, Sophocles and Horace, and the rest—he read everything—yet it is clear that the whole stress of his training was laid upon the orators, the historians, and the philosophers. It was in 1828 that he first read Wordsworth, and this event synchronised with a very marked change in his mental

attitude, which must probably be ascribed to the influence of James Sterling and of F. D. Maurice. Henceforward the spiritual elements in human happiness became of greater significance to him; he ceased to subscribe to Bentham's dictum, that the pleasure of reading Shakespeare and Milton only differed in quantity and not in kind from the pleasure of playing pushpin; he paid attention to poetry; and he formed the celebrated conviction that when the goal of progress had been reached the human race would still find its highest function in the perusal of Wordsworth.

Readers of *The New Republic* will remember the famous remark of Mr. Herbert when this was repeated to him: "Did Mill really ever say anything so sane as that?" It is of this period, then, in Mill's life that the essays now before us are characteristic. It is perhaps natural that he should approach poetry in the mood rather of the philosopher than of the critic. It is his impulse to ask the abstract question, "What, essentially, is poetry?" But this question is notoriously the starting-point of all the formulas by which poetry has ever been sterilised: for it leads at once to the conclusion, "This, or that, falls outside the definition: therefore it is not poetry"; while the critic, beginning at the other end with "This, or that, by the pricking of my thumbs, is poetry: what are its characteristics?" is certainly more likely to arrive at some fruitful result. In any case, whether it is desirable to define poetry or not, Mill, at least, does not succeed in reaching an adequate definition. Having come to poetry through Wordsworth and Shelley, what he does define is, very naturally, lyric poetry. Poetry, he says, is "the delineation of emotions"—Wordsworth, by the way, put it better, "emotion remembered in tranquillity"—and then our good logician proceeds unconsciously to refute himself by the deduction that "an epic poem, in so far as it is epic (i.e., narrative), is not poetry at all."

When we follow Mill from the definitions to the *media axiomata* of poetics we soon find that he has not the sure touch nor, in that special sphere, the adequate knowledge of the true critic. He makes the quite true antithesis between the poetry of culture and the poetry of temperament, and applies it, we venture to think, quite wrongly to Wordsworth and Shelley. Wordsworth wrote often enough merely from the brain; but, surely, when he is at his lyrical best, as in "The Solitary Reaper" or in "Three years she grew in sun and shower," his note is every bit as temperamental, as inspired, as Shelley's. The criticism of Tennyson's early volumes is similarly defective. One need not lay much stress on the general recognition of Tennyson's merit; Mill was singularly fair-minded, and, moreover, the *Quarterly* had taken the opposite point of view. But it is curious that while Mill distinguishes and fully appreciates the young poet's power of creating natural scenery in harmony with human emotion, yet he fails to see what to us now seems the one pre-eminent feature of these early poems, and actually comments upon a supposed imperfect and unmelodious versification as their chief fault. The essay on Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which Mr. Gibbs

here reprints for the first time, is an interesting bit of wreckage. It is a mere review, consisting, indeed, of quotation to a larger extent than the modern reviewer thinks permissible; but it reminds one of the curious way in which Mill was bound up throughout with the fortunes of the book. It was his studies in the French Revolution which originally supplied much of the material upon which it was based, and then, when the MS. of the first volume was completed, it was by one of Mill's servants that it was accidentally burnt. One may well think highly of the friendship which could survive such a catastrophe.

ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA.

South Africa: a Study in Colonial Administration and Development. By W. Basil Worsfold. Second edition. (Methuen.)

South Africa as It Is. By F. Reginald Statham. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is not surprising that a second edition should so soon be required of Mr. Worsfold's serviceable manual of South African affairs, the first having appeared late in the year 1895. Despite its somewhat uninviting equipment, small type, poor binding, and crowded pages unrelieved by a single illustration, despite even of a distinctly jejune style, his unpretentious little volume has gained the public favour, thanks to its excellent arrangement, clear and concise exposition, and especially its painstaking efforts to get at the truth amid the clouds of prejudice and misrepresentation by which the actual relations continue to be obscured in our South African Colonies and dependencies.

Within the space of a little over 300 pages the author has contrived to give a succinct and remarkably lucid account of historical and political events, from the first Dutch Settlement in the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the present imbroglio. Room has even been found for an interesting chapter on South African Literature, in which the writings of Thomas Pringle and Olive Schreiner are duly appreciated.

A few slips and inaccuracies, inevitable in a book overflowing with details of all sorts, may be noticed in view of future editions. The award to the Free State for the surrender of its claims to the Griqualand diamantiferous area was, we believe, £90,000, not £100,000 as here stated (p. 46). The "eastward" expansion in North America should obviously be the *westward* (p. 63). The area of the British coal measures is a good deal more than 4,000 square miles (p. 154). "America" must be a misprint for *Australia* in the reference to "the change from alluvial to quartz mining in both the United States and America" (p. 162). *Monomotapa* is still spoken of as a "district" (p. 106), although it is now known to have been a personal title ("Lord of the Mines"), not a territorial designation. The Congo State is not "traversed" by the Stevenson Road (p. 264), but runs just within British territory between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. More

serious is the statement (p. 114 and elsewhere) that the Bantus encroached from the north on the Hottentot domain south of the Zambesi synchronously with the arrival of the Dutch and Portuguese in the same region. The whole of this region was, beyond doubt, originally held by the Hottentots and Bushmen, as long ago shown by Lichtenstein. But the Bantu encroachment is not a recent, but for Africa a prehistoric, event, long prior to the advent of the Europeans or even of the Arabs. The Hottentots had been dispossessed of the south-eastern lands some thousands of years ago, or almost certainly before the appearance in those parts of the gold-seeking Himyarites, or whoever were the builders of the Zimbabwe monuments described by Mr. Theodore Bent.

Mr. Statham's claim to navigate these stormy South African waters is based, he tells us, on a twenty years' residence in the capacity of a journalist, and on a personal acquaintance with most of the leading characters in the eventful drama which he describes. Nevertheless, he cannot be accepted as a trustworthy pilot, for he has obviously launched his vessel almost confessedly in the interest of one of the rival parties. The period dealt with is restricted to the last two decades, that is, from the temporary annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 to the Jameson raid and its immediate consequences.

It may be freely admitted that the stirring incidents of this boisterous period are treated in brilliant fashion and in a clear, fluent style, which makes the book very pleasant reading, especially for those who share the author's views on the main points at issue. But others may be less favourably impressed by a picture which certainly betrays a regrettable lack of the artistic sense. One side, the British, is all black, the other, the Dutch, is all white; while the utter absence of tone seems to betray the special pleader, who has a brief in hand, rather than the serious historian anxious for the truth, and careful to weigh his judgments.

This is a heavy indictment, almost as heavy as that brought by Mr. Statham against the English administration and against nearly all the prominent British residents or settlers in South Africa from Livingstone to Mr. Cecil Rhodes; but it will be found fully justified by a large number of passages stamped by palpable bias and partisanship. The outrages inflicted by the Boers on Livingstone are euphemistically spoken of as "misfortunes," for which he had to thank the British Government rather than "any action by Dutch settlers in the Transvaal." Mr. Rhodes is, of course, the incarnation of all evil, regarding whose conduct "toleration and silence would be little short of a crime." Hence the granting of the charter is naturally

"regarded as the most extraordinary usurpation of power ever perpetrated since the Popes gave over the Peruvians into the hands of Pizarro. . . . It was an act which would have been paralleled if, in the middle of the last century Great Britain had made half a dozen private persons a present of the whole American continent westward of the Mississippi and Missouri."

Well, but that is about exactly what Great Britain did do, when, in 1732, George II. granted James E. Oglethorpe and a few others the "Georgia Charter," which actually covered the whole region from the Savannah and Altamaha Rivers to the Pacific Ocean. And has Mr. Statham never heard of the East India, Virginia, New England, and Hudson Bay Charters? Dr. Leyds, the deadliest foe to Imperial British interests anywhere south of the Zambesi, is, of course, canonised as "the ablest and most cultured official in South Africa," while the intrigues to bring about a German intervention, of which he was and still is the chief instigator, are described as "seeking the moral (*sic*) support of friendly Powers." Similarly the Emperor's telegram was merely "a congratulatory message without any *arrière pensée*, though perhaps a little officious." Then the Outlanders have no grievances; "the majority do not want the franchise," and presumably also do not want education, this matter being also pooh-poohed, while we are opportunely reminded by Mr. Worsfold, who deals in facts, that "out of £103,000 set apart for education for the current year, £800 only is assigned for English schools."

In his account of the continuous conflicts between the Imperial and the Boer Governments, Mr. Statham never once refers to the "Apprentice" question, on which almost everything turned. His version of the filibustering Boer raid into Bechuanaland and the ephemeral Stellaland Republic is equally silent as to the true inwardness of that incursion, which, as everybody knows, received the "moral support" of Germany, its real object being to block the highway to the North, to cut off the English from access to the interior of the continent, and eventually enable the Transvaal to join hands with German South-West Africa. The scheme was thwarted by Sir Charles Warren's expedition of 1885, and that able officer consequently shares the fate of all other champions of the paramount Power. He "returned to England to confound those who had most warmly supported him in South Africa with an exhibition of his intemperateness as a Commissioner of Police." Surely no further proof of animus can be needed than this unworthy sneer at the leader of an expedition which, as we are again opportunely reminded by Mr. Worsfold, "stands out in the history of South Africa as perhaps the one completely successful armed intervention of the Imperial Government," which "restored to Englishmen the prestige and position which they had enjoyed in former days."

Mr. Statham's book is well printed in bold type on stout paper, but it has been supplied neither with an index, an adequate table of contents, nor even a map. These sins of omission are not pardonable in a work dealing with problems which no one seems to understand too well, and which even the alternately dull and humorous proceedings of the Royal Commission may leave, after all, to be settled by the co-operation of forces too wide and vast to be controlled from any one quarter.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

A History of the Coldstream Guards from 1815 to 1895. By Lieut.-Col. Ross of Bladensbury, C.B. (Innes & Co. 1896.)

THIS is an excellent account of the achievements of the Coldstream Guards, from 1815 to 1895, written by Col. Ross of Bladensbury, a well-known Irishman, and once a distinguished officer of that famous regiment. We wish that the author had extended his research to the annals of the corps, from its first origin, especially as his work carries us back to the past, in its numerous illustrations of the arms, the accoutrements, and the soldiery of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. The narrative, however, within its limits, is very good; indeed, the *résumé* of the events of the Crimean War is one of the best and most judicious we have ever read. The only fault we have to find with the book is that it runs rather too much into general history; and the errors we have noticed are extremely few. Macmahon, not Bosquet, led the French at the fall of the Malakoff; Surgeon Wyatt was not present "at the Siege of Paris," a misprint, no doubt, for that of Sebastopol; Malplaquet was not one of "Marlborough's greatest triumphs"; Ligny was anything but "a delusive victory." The narrative begins at the close of the campaign of 1815; Col. Ross has very fairly described its incidents. The Coldstreams held Hougoumont on the great day of Waterloo. Their heroic defence of the post and that of the other British regiments powerfully contributed to the result of the battle, for it weakened the left wing of the French Army, and changed into a disastrous attack what was meant for a feint. The names of Sergeant Graham and of Col. Macdonnell stand out, among others, for a grand deed of valour; they closed the gate of the château in the face of the enemy, and probably saved the entire position. The Coldstreams formed part of the allied army, which occupied France, under the command of Wellington; their conduct, like that of all the British soldiers, contrasted honourably with that of the ferocious Prussians intent on humiliating and trampling down France. During the long peace from 1818 to 1854 the regiment was chiefly engaged in ordinary home duty, and was only for a time—in Canada—on foreign service; but it always maintained its high standard of discipline and true military worth. Yet the British army, as a whole, declined in this period, in organisation, and as an instrument of war; this was but too evident when the trial of the Crimea came. Col. Ross, we have said, has admirably described this contest; he has risen here to the level of real history. We must, however, pass over most of his narrative; suffice it to say there is scarcely so good an account of the vacillation which prevailed in our councils, of the tactical blunders seen at the Alma, of the administrative failures that wrecked our army, of the strategic mistakes committed before the siege, of the appalling sufferings of the winter of 1854-5—the whole forming a sorry passage of war, if we consider it in its broad aspects, but a passage illustrated by mighty deeds of

heroism, constancy, and noble endurance. Col. Ross, we may add, rather absolves Lord Raglan from much of the blame that has fallen on our Commander-in-Chief.

The Coldstreams had more than a proportionate share in the glories and the disasters of the Crimean War. They did not play a very decided part in the closing scenes of the siege of Sebastopol, but they struggled through the ordeal of the trenches for months; and at one time they were so reduced in strength that they only mustered 100 men under arms. Their excellence in the field was most apparent in the earlier stages of the chequered contest; they formed part of the Guards in the fight on the Alma; the steadiness of their advance and the precision of their fire as they pressed forward to the aid of the Light Division attracted the admiration of thousands on the spot. It was the old duel between line and column, as old as that of legion and phalanx; the extended formation was successful, for it was composed of better men. "Our men could not have done it," a French officer exclaimed. The most conspicuous instance, however, of what the Coldstreams were seen on the terrible day of Inkermann, the grandest exhibition history has shown of the heroism and stubbornness of the British infantry. Col. Ross's account of this battle is especially good: it is impartial and picturesque alike; it places in full relief the great deeds of the regiment. The Russian generals, no doubt, committed mistakes; they were much hampered by unforeseen obstacles; but, had their troops been men nearly as good as our own, had their unwieldy masses been more easy to handle, their attack could hardly have failed of success. A handful of Guards on the Kitspur and in the Sandbag Battery fought and defeated enemies sixfold in number.

Col. Ross dwells at length on the numerous reforms which have been made in the British army since the period of the Crimean War; but this is rather outside the scope of his subject. He is a *laudator temporis acti*, and it has yet to be seen whether the short service system, without a conscription—its true supplement—will stand the trying test of experience, and whether our military organisation is not still defective. The standard of the education of our officers has, however, been raised; the training of the soldier has been much improved; the army, as a whole, stands on a greatly higher level. The Coldstreams, since the close of the Crimean War, were engaged in Egypt, under Lord Wolseley, and took part in the admirably conducted campaign which came to an end at Tel-el-Kebir. They had a detachment, too, employed in the advance which unhappily failed to save Gordon—the result of fatal indecision at home; and they had a sharp struggle with the hordes of the Mahdi and Osman Digna in the march from Suakim. The regiment retains its high place in the service; and should the occasion present itself, it will be what it was at Malplaquet, at Dettingen, at Waterloo, at Inkermann.

Col. Ross's book has been well published. The illustrations are numerous and valuable.

GRIMM'S "MICHAEL ANGELO."

Life of Michael Angelo. New Edition, with Additions, illustrated with Photogravure Plates. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Fanny Elizabeth Buntrell. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

THOSE who are familiar with this *Life of Michael Angelo* will readily understand why it has reached an eighth edition—those who as yet do not know it will find the history of a most perplexing period set forth with a rare discrimination, a deep insight, a convincing logic, and with a power of enlisting the reader's interest and sympathy which never loses its hold.

Florence, the fertile mother of an immortal family of artists; Rome, the seat of God's vicegerent; faithless, intriguing nobles; fickle, passionate people; popes and cardinals, pre-eminently dissolute and avaricious even for that unprincipled age; France and Germany incessantly fighting and intriguing for the fair cities and vineyards of Italy; and the Pope ever striving to be on the side of the strongest battalions—these make up the sombre fabric of the times through which run those wonderful golden threads of art which have delighted our eyes ever since.

For whether from a real love of beauty, or from vanity and a desire to have their names associated with works likely to live in men's minds and veneration, from whatsoever cause, these men—scheming, vicious and faithless—nevertheless hungered and thirsted after art and held artists in high esteem, and in his own lifetime they were able clearly to anticipate the verdict of posterity by placing Michael Angelo above all artists in the world.

Herr Grimm's criticisms are as just as his history is logical, but both history and criticisms have occasionally to be rewritten owing to the constantly shifting perspective of advancing time, and though what he says or said of Michael Angelo is true—as much to-day as when the century was only half through—we who see are changed; and those qualities which our fathers felt perhaps with emotion leave us cold, while that which moves us was almost ignored by them.

Michael Angelo and Raphael—the one from his Titanic force and daring sublimity, the other from a combination of qualities—had entirely dominated men's minds. Now as these two were the roof and crown of the Renaissance, the ultimate expression of that great artistic epoch, all criticism was founded upon them; and as improvement seemed impossible, so imitation became the only resource for artists unfortunate enough to be born after this last word had been spoken.

Michael Angelo was the greatest exponent of force that has ever lived. His times were troubled, evil days, but they were times of energy; the very sins were the result of a passionate, ungovernable, irresponsible force of character. See Julius II., Michael Angelo's best patron, hurrying from his sick-bed to carry on sieges and wars; defeated, but never overcome; old, but never tired; thwarted in one scheme, he would hurl himself into another—this iron old pope was a type of his time.

Changes were so rapid from utter defeat to supreme success that the hopeless pessimism which clogs our actions, that plethora of experience that chokes initiative, did not exist, and Michael Angelo, the grandest soul of his time, full of its energy but devoid of its base passions, has hewed an imperishable memorial of this splendid force out of the white rocks of Carrara.

But there are other sentiments that govern men besides the emotion produced by great forces. It would be an idle criticism to say that Michael Angelo felt none other, still it must be conceded that of those tenderer qualities that lie in the one word *charm* he was barren. He astonished and overwhelmed, and it is not given to mortals to overwhelm and charm us at the same time. Space does not allow us an analysis of that train of causes which have brought about the modern reaction in favour of earlier schools. Men like Donatello and Sandro Botticelli touch us through their very reserve and modesty; and even with their immature powers of expression we feel that their appreciation of nature was nearer to ours than that which came after, and so perhaps from our very limitations, perhaps partly from the mere swing of the pendulum, it has come to pass that the springs of inspiration that for three centuries had flowed from Michael Angelo and Raphael have in these latter days become dried up.

The illustrations throughout this delightful book are excellent process reproductions from the works of artists mentioned in the text.

SMALL BEER.

Selections from the Letters of De Brosse.
Translated by Lord Ronald Gower.
(Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

CHARLES DE BROSSES' two limit-dates were 1709 and 1777. Between them he read many books and wrote one or two, greatly concerned himself with the government of Dijon, became first President of the Burgundian Parliament, travelled a little, and penned many letters. The first French collection of these letters was published in 1839, and since then there have been half a dozen editions. Lord Ronald Gower's is the first English translation. Lord Ronald Gower calls them "immortal," and tells us in his preface that his great aunt, Lady Granville, writing to her brother in 1842, said, "You have no idea, the amusement of reading 'De Brosse's Letters' over again here. His fun, his perfect simplicity, his good-natured malice and joyous recklessness, make him an enchanting companion." To the changes in thinking that have come about since 1842 we may, we hope, attribute some of our own incapacity to share this opinion. We have given the book the attention that is demanded by the correspondence of a witty Frenchman, and have come out at the end unrewarded. We have found little malice, less fun, and no joyous recklessness at all. On the other hand, we have skipped pages and pages of very excellent guide-book stuff and have been interested in descriptions of customs, ceremonies, and, especially, of persons, quite the most interesting of whom

is the Old Pretender, who was then holding his court in Rome as King of England.

"The Pretender [De Brosse wrote] is easily recognised for a Stuart; he has it written in his face. He is tall and thin, and resembles the portraits of his father, James II., very closely, and also the late Marshal Berwick, his natural brother, only that the Marshal had a sad and severe expression, whereas the Pretender's is not only sad but silly. He does not lack dignity in his manner, and I have never seen a prince hold a court circle with so much grace and ease. He has occasionally to appear in public in spite of the retirement in which he lives, although he has none of the actual glitter about him appertaining to other sovereigns; but he does his best to make himself liked in a town to which he owes much, and he occasionally exerts himself at public ceremonies, when his sons do the honours, while he only appears for an hour or two. He is ultra *dévo*t, and his mornings are passed in prayer at the grave of his wife in the Church of the SS. Apostoli."

There is much more in the same minute manner (pp. 178-183). De Brosse, however, has not often such good luck in celebrities. People who would like to know how Rome and Genoa, Florence and Naples, struck an intelligent man a century and more ago, will find these letters entertaining enough. We quote, finally, a good story of one of the spies of James III., a certain Baron de Stock:

"Hardion was showing several people, including our friend the Baron, the King's chamber at Versailles. All at once a certain gem, well-known to you by the name of Michael Angelo's seal, was missed. A diligent search was made, everyone looking for it high and low without success. Hardion then said to the Baron, 'Sir, I am personally acquainted with all the company, you alone excepted; besides, I feel anxious about your health. You look very yellow, which shows that you are bilious; I cannot help thinking that a little emetic, taken on the spot, will do you good.'"

This is quite in the manner of Sherlock Holmes. The remedy, immediately applied, had the desired effect: the Baron had swallowed the gem. In conclusion, we ought to say that both Lord Ronald Gower and his publishers have acquitted themselves well of a not very necessary task.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Country of the Pointed Firs. By Sarah Orne Jewett. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A GOOD book was never made of slighter material than that which Miss Jewett has so deftly manipulated in this pretty story of a New England fishing village. From beginning to end there is nothing in the nature of what we call incident, nor is there a single love passage—indeed, there is hardly a character under sixty years of age,—yet to readers at all fond of quiet humour and gentle, simple folk, and unaffected, unassuming literary grace, this book will be real enjoyment. The intimacy of the home among the lowly is a sweeter thing in Scotland and New England than it is with us. The English are neither so simple nor so contented. Contentment is, indeed, the

great secret. Similarly, Scottish and New England writers are more in love with this beautiful hearth-life than are English writers: they see it with clearer vision and describe it with more tenderness. Miss Jewett's book is a little epic of contentment; and it is here that she differs most markedly from Miss Wilkins, whose eyes are more ready to see what is melancholy. *The Country of the Pointed Firs* is rich in human kindness; and Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Blackett are notable additions to that gallery of good women which most readers like to wander in now and again.

The History of Tom Jones. By Henry Fielding. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

A CURIOUS note is prefixed by the anonymous editor of this generous book. "This reprint," he writes, "of the first edition of *Tom Jones* is as accurate as it has been possible to make it. In a few instances corrections of obvious misspelling have been made. The quotations have, however, been left with their errors. It is curious to note that, since the first appearance of the novel in 1749, no less than 21,000 alterations have been made in the original text, some of them, indeed, of such a peculiar character that the entire sense of sentences has been completely changed. At times one sentence has been divided into three or four; at others, three sentences have been knocked into one. This volume professes to be merely a restoration of garbled versions, and is presented to the reader in the state in which it was intended to be presented by the author, Henry Fielding." The publishers have done their best to make a readable edition for a small price.

The Pickwick Papers. Vol. II. "Gadshill Edition." (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS, the second and concluding volume of *Pickwick*, under Mr. Andrew Lang's editorship, calls for little comment in addition to that which we made when the first volume appeared. We still believe that such a book is better in one-volume form; and there our objections end. Mr. Lang has made his notes as brief and as few as possible: one upon Lant Street, one on Prooshan Blues, one on Profeel machines, one on Tipcheese (which Mr. Lang thinks to be the game Bunyan was playing when he had a "call"), one on Fanteegs, one on the Fleet Prison, one on the Red-faced Nixon, and one on Crumpets. These are all.

The Misfortunes of Elphin and Rhododaphne. By T. L. Peacock. (Macmillan & Co.)

WITH this volume the illustrated reprints of Peacock's novels in the "Peacock" series are completed, and altogether they make as delightful a set of books as one can want. In many ways the last is, we think, the best. It contains that magnificent drinker, Seithenyn, and the incomparable War Song of Dinas Vawr:

"We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them."

Peacock's irony is also at its mellowest, and in none of his writings is his intellect fuller-blooded. To this reprint Prof. Saintsbury supplies an interesting preface, and Mr. F. H. Townsend a large number of illustrations, for which we have little but high praise. The pictures on pp. 63 and 72 are as good as anything that Mr. Townsend has done, and there is spirit and intelligence enough in all his work to make him one of the best of living illustrators. The printing of the pictures might be better.

* * *

A Dictionary of the Language of Mota. By the Rev. H. R. Codrington and the Ven. J. Palmer. (S.P.C.K.)

THE language of Mota has nothing to do with those that ride on motor-cars, though it may not, at times, be less strange. The language of Mota is the tongue spoken by some eight hundred persons on Sugarloaf Island, which is one of the Banks' group lying to the north of the New Hebrides in the Pacific; and this little dictionary has been prepared for the use of Melanesian missionaries. It seems to have been well done. Although not tempted to acquire Mota for ourselves, we must admit a desire to say some of the soft simple things that come naturally to a Sugarloaf Islander. Thus: "Ineia usurik, nau we mule we gaw o ororo we map avune qatuna." That, at first sight, is not too perspicuous a remark. It means, however, "He is my father's sister's husband, I go and take up a handful of dust and put it on his head." Even in this country, which is so perfect that it can furnish forth Melanesian missionaries, that is a proceeding for which sometimes there is justification—many of us have uncles who deserve similar treatment. Another pleasant Sugarloaf custom is glanced at in the phrase, "Bleg matmateas," which means "To sing a song on returning from dunning a debtor that he may hear."

* * *

A Pilgrimage to Beethoven. By Richard Wagner. (The Open Court Publishing Company: Chicago and London.)

THIS sketch, miscalled a novelette in the preface to the translation, and miscalled, on the title-page, a novel, though well known to students of Wagner's life, has, we believe, not before been issued in English in separate form. The present version was made by Otto W. Meyer. We quote part of the invocation to Indigence with which the spirited little masterpiece opens:

"O Indigence! thou care-bringer! protectress Divine of the German musician (unless he have reached the haven of director at some court-theatre)! O carking Indigence! as I ever do, so let me now, in this reminiscence from my life, first bring dutiful obeisance to thy praise and honour! Let me sing of thee, thou steadfast companion of my life! Always loyal, never hast thou forsaken me! With a strong palm, thou hast warded from me all shocks of propitious luck. . . . But if it may be, pray do thou at length find some other foster-child than me. For, indeed, I should—if it were only for the sake of curiosity—like to learn from personal experience what manner of existence I might manage to lead without

thee. . . . But, ah! I see that I grow impious. Forgive, O thou divine protectress, the blasphemous wish which just escaped me. 'Twas but momentary; for thou seest within my heart, and well thou knowest how wholly thine I am, and ever shall be, though it came to pass that there were a thousand court-theatres in Germany! Amen!"

Had Wagner given to literature the time and thought he gave to music, there would still be a Wagner Society.

* * *

Through London Spectacles. By Constance Milman. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A DOMESTIC essayist, to hold us, must have either a fascinating personality or a fresh and whimsical way of looking at things. For up to a certain point every man is his own essayist, can supply his own embroidery to common matters: it is therefore necessary before he can be persuaded to buy the lucubrations of another that he should be much tempted. Miss Milman, the author of the pleasant book which lies before us, though she is agreeable company, is never, we fear, quite indispensable: she never says more than the ordinary thing in an ordinary manner. She says it with good humour, and we are conscious of an active mellow intellect at the back of the book; but that is all. At the social evenings of an amateur literary society these papers would have noticeable merit, but print demands something better still. The subjects are well chosen—Miss Burney, and Miss Edgeworth, Sir Thomas Browne, and Charles Lamb, Old Ballads, and Margaret of Newcastle; Brilliant Endings, and Cornish Echoes, and so on—and Miss Milman, at any rate, is never dull.

* * *

In Childhood's Country. By Louise Chandler Moulton. (James Bowden.)

WE cannot understand this book at all. From the design on the cover, and the title, and the dedication ("For Beryl Kernahan"), and the size of the type, we suppose it to be meant for children. Yet the illustrations, by Miss Ethel Reed, are too affected and sophisticated ever to please or interest children (except, perhaps, as puzzles), and the verses are strangely mixed in character. Thus on one page is this little piece, called "The Happiest Folks"—

"I think the dolls are the happiest folks!
Nobody plagues them with practical jokes;
They have a nice house with a parlour-maid,
And the rent of it never has to be paid;
They wear their best clothes whenever they please,
And have nothing to do but to take their ease"—

which is appropriate enough; but, later, we come to roundels and rondeaus, which are tiresome reading even to adults, and this scrap, called "The Lily's Rival"—

"I saw a flower in the garden,
She said her name was Rose!
Ah, Lily, pity and pardon,
She robbed me of my repose."

The last line in the mouth of anyone is silly enough, but no child possibly could

say it. Again, there is a quatrain called "Monk and Maid"—

"All day they sit, demure on the shelf,
The Bronze-Brown Monk and the Blue-Delft Maid;
But whenever the lights are out at night,
They kiss and whisper, I am afraid."

Why "afraid"? No child would say "afraid." These poems, we might remark in passing, are printed each on a separate page measuring about nine inches by seven. There are longer pieces, too, and some of them are rather pretty, particularly "The Robin's Funeral"; but the book has been ill-considered by its author.

* * *

Industries and Wealth of Nations. By Michael G. Mulhall. (Longmans & Co.)

IN his preface to this book Mr. Mulhall modestly disclaims anything like originality, and explains that all he has done was to select from the works of others, and to bring the results into a narrow compass. He has proved himself, as on previous occasions, a master in the art of compression, and his small volume is a mine of detailed and useful information. We have first a general survey of the position of the nations of Christendom considered in relation to such questions as population, agriculture, manufactures, transport, mines, commerce, railways, earnings per inhabitant, taxation, and debt. Then each country is considered in greater detail by itself. Some idea of the advance of the English-speaking peoples may be formed from the statement that while during the last sixty-five years the European nations have increased 62 per cent., the people of the United States have increased 626 per cent., and of the British Colonies 510 per cent. Our language, which in 1831 was spoken by 35,000,000 people, is now the common tongue of 120,000,000 persons. Some of the most curious figures are those grouped under the heading of agriculture. Thus it is startling to find that while in Europe a farm labourer is credited with the production of three tons of food, the American is credited with twelve tons. The European peasant works harder than an American farm hand, and yet the American produces four times as much. The American labourer cultivates twenty-one acres, while nine acres is the average per man in France, and eight in England. The improved agricultural machinery in use in America accounts for this difference, and, of course, in the States the land is cultivated far less intensely—the average value of the crop per acre being only 43s. as compared with 84s. in France, and 126s. in the United Kingdom.

And yet we cannot help fearing, however, that in spite of all its clearness, this volume will often prove a trap for the unwary. Thus the reader sees that Ireland and France stand together with the lowest birth-rate in the world. The figures are clear, but there is nothing to explain that this is not because the average of children to a marriage in Ireland is small, but because it is the land of the very old and the very young, a large proportion of the persons of marriageable age having emigrated. Ireland and France may rank together at the bottom of the list, but they owe their places to different causes.

Whitaker's Almanack, 1897. (12, Warwick-lane, E.C.)

THE editor of *Whitaker* in his preface invites suggestions for the improvement of the Almanack, and as it is a pity that one of the most important of its divisions should fall so far below the general excellence of the rest as to be of but little use to the inquirer, we venture to call his attention to the unsatisfactory character of those portions of the educational section which come under the headings: "The Great Public Schools," "Metropolitan Grammar Schools," "Provincial Colleges and Grammar Schools." On what principle the exalted title of "Great Public School" is conferred it is impossible to conjecture. An examination of the catalogue of institutions so honoured makes it evident that the selection as a whole is not based on claims of antiquity, numerical superiority, scholastic brilliance, social dignity, or any combination of these or other conceivable recommendations. On what grounds certain schools are included, and certain schools are excluded, we confess ourselves unable to understand. Whether some are treated with injustice, while others enjoy more than justice, at the hands of the compiler, is a consideration which, perhaps, matters little to *Whitaker*; but it does matter to *Whitaker* that any of its information should be ludicrous to the expert and misleading to the layman. Again, what is the meaning of the second heading, "Metropolitan Grammar Schools"? A large proportion of those so designated never were "grammar schools" at all, either in title or in type; and if they were, or had been, the term "grammar school" has long ceased to possess any definite connotation, embracing as it does schools of the first, second, and third grades, and ranging inclusively from some of our most aristocratic boarding schools to many a modest foundation in the smaller provincial towns or larger villages. The footnote to this column is ridiculous. An analysis of the motley collection which appear in the category of "provincial colleges and grammar schools" would reveal similar absurdities. Technically there is but one way of classifying English schools—that is, to arrange them in separate lists according to their various grades as laid down in their schemes. Probably, however, for practical purposes, the best method to adopt would be to place those schools which are represented on the Head Masters' Conference in one list, and to relegate to a second list those represented on the Head Masters' Association only; indicating in each case whether it be a day school, or a boarding school, or a mixed day and boarding school. With regard to assistant masters, it would be sufficient to print the names of those who are masters of boarding houses. To render it of any value the whole of the school section of the Almanack needs recasting on these lines. As it stands, it conveys to the parent no notion of the real position, educational or otherwise, of different schools; and so far from being a general guide to such system of Secondary Education as exists in this country, an inspection of its pages merely makes confusion worse confounded.

FICTION.

Clarissa Furiosa. By W. E. Norris. (Methuen & Co.)

TRULY Mr. Norris has the pen of a ready writer. Far be it from us to grumble at the frequency with which he gratifies his admirers. Our complaint is with the bulk rather than with the number of his achievements. The story of *Clarissa Furiosa* careers gently on for some four hundred pages, and we are bound to say that three-fourths of these are made up of what, in the case of a less distinguished author, we should not hesitate to call padding. The story is, of course, imperturbable, cheerful, and philosophical, written in a vein of happy optimism. The subject is the salvation of a good old family by the acquisition of filthy lucre. The son, who has a past, marries, with the help of his mother, an heiress. Unfortunately, the heiress has views on the equality of the sexes, and the past, together with the present, which is made in the same image, soon leads to a separation. *Clarissa* goes off with her dollars and gathers about her a crew of knickerbockered ladies and minor poets with long hair and slimy morals, who do the business at the back of the stage, while the match-making mother tries again in the foreground. It is her daughter this time who is to become the bride of a rich French Vicomte; and the question is whether, with *Clarissa's* warnings in her ears, she will accept him. Of course she ought not to, but this would not be optimistic, and so, after several chapters of elaborate deliberation, she does. Truly an impotent and empty conclusion, in which principles that have been paraded are gently laid down, and one closes with a yawn upon the orthodox bridal-wreath. Surely there must be those among Mr. Norris's most devoted readers who sometimes sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, the hand that wrote *The Rogue*, and *Major and Minor*, and *My Friend Jim*.

Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden. (W. Blackwood & Co.)

THAT wistful story, *Ships that Pass in the Night*, so wound its way into the hearts of its readers that a new book by its author is an event. But the volume before us will, we fear, come as a disappointment; for Miss Harraden's peculiar charm is missing from its pages—that gift (so apparent in her first long story and also in some of the tales in *In Varying Moods*, her second book) of attracting sympathy to a central figure, half visionary, half spoilt child, and wholly lovable. We cannot consider Miss Harraden a novelist of much range: her characterisation is weak; she has not observed life with much acuteness; but she is strong on two counts—one being this faculty for giving to her admirers just the kind of pathetic figure they want, and the other her very extraordinary understanding of the difficulties that beset the stricken, the lonely, and the disappointed. In *Hilda Strafford* there is little of Miss Harraden's old gentleness, and none of that humour lying very near to tears which lit up the story called *At the Green Dragon*—a quality which Miss

Harraden alone can supply. *Hilda Strafford* is the bitter history of a woman who left England somewhat against her will to join her lover on his ranch in California, and to become his wife. Once there, ill-fortune comes; the husband is over-anxious, and *Hilda* is consumed with regret for a life she deems misspent and with longing to be at home again. How she passes through the ordeal we must leave the reader to discover. We are not ourselves convinced that Miss Harraden has accomplished her desire: to such a nature as *Hilda Strafford's*, and to such a struggle, a mere short story cannot do justice; and there is much which the reader is entitled to expect that is not here related. As it stands, the story interests, but it does not, as it might, we think, bite itself into the mind. The other story, *The Remittance Man*, is but a sketch, pleasant enough but very slight. Throughout the book Miss Harraden is eloquent of her new love, California.

Gilbert Murray. By A. E. Houghton. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THERE is a kind of book which perplexes the reviewer. He cannot extol it loudly or condemn it heartily, for neither its merits nor its demerits are so prominent as to draw attention to themselves. He does not like to damn it with faint praise, the invariable resource of the slovenly critic; nor to be churlish about a book which will probably give pleasure to hundreds. *Gilbert Murray* is that sort of book. It is eminently readable and eminently wholesome; its plot is as interesting as the plots of most other novels; its characters are nearly as human, and its situations almost as exciting. Yet one can find very little to say of it which is not merely explanatory. The hero finds himself suddenly plunged from affluence to poverty. He begins the world by driving a baker's cart; he goes as a waiter to a *fête*, where he spills a cup of tea over the dress of the young lady whom he afterwards marries; he becomes a clerk; he writes for the magazines—a favourite recreation of all save the most self-denying heroes; and eventually gets a post as secretary to an M.P. Meanwhile, his fortunes have been curiously interwoven with those of an old college rival, who becomes also his rival in love, and is in the end saved from suicide by the unselfish *Gilbert Murray*. There is a large field for novels which one can read of an evening without danger of nightmares, and which one can read of a morning without neglecting the day's duties to finish them; and Mr. Houghton's book will help to fill an unexceptional corner of it.

God's Failures. By J. S. Fletcher. "Key-notes Series." (John Lane.)

THE local colouring of Mr. Fletcher's stories is that of some wapentake of rural Yorkshire, not on the high moors, but where the great shire slopes down to the homelier English scenery of the Midlands. In the description of village landscape and village life, Mr. Fletcher shows much of the temper of the idyllist. He moves among fields and hedges with a patient observation and a close tenderness. But in his delineation of

human life and fate as set against the country background, it is the tragic rather than the idyllic that he affects; and we must own to finding a certain monotony in his tales of ruined careers with their inevitable ending in a convenient halter or the nearest ditch. Sombre passions and morbid temperaments spring like buttercups in Mr. Fletcher's pastures. However, a writer must needs seek an artistic unity in his own fashion, and if the range of these stories is limited, their manner is at least restrained and conscientious. There is no flashy or insincere work in them. For the touch of humour in it, we may be allowed to name "Poor Dan'l" as our favourite among the rest. The selection of the story bearing the title "Light o' Love" for the first place is, one supposes, a concession to the taste of the "Keynotes" Series. It is, at least, no indication of the tone of the volume.

The Sentimental Vikings. By R. V. Risley. (John Lane.)

WE have nothing but welcome for translations from Celtic or Scandinavian saga. They bring a fresh and vital stimulus into letters, new fire from heaven. But of the deliberate imitation or adaptation of such models which is so favourite a modern archaism, we are not quite so sure. Even the genius of William Morris never induced us to thoroughly enjoy his prose romances, or to feel that the epithet "Wardour-street" was altogether undeserved. And if even Mr. Morris, then much more Mr. Risley must come under the condemnation. His Viking tales are put in the mouth of a contemporary minstrel, who tells in days of old the fortunes of his lord in war and wooing. There is a good deal of bloodshed and also a good deal of ale. But if you like the convention, then you should like Mr. Risley's application of it. He has the gift of picturesque and poetic narrative, and has happily caught the vague outlines and the overhanging melancholy of Old Norse romance. Of the story of the Oar-Captain he says:

"The story is rough, like the natures of men, and full of storm of nature and sea, as if a fury had run down the pages. But there are soft threads in its rough woof—I tell it just as the Oar-Captain told it."

The quotation may perhaps serve to explain the title.

A Comedy of Three. By Newton Sanders. "Little Novels Series." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MR. SANDERS loves violent contrasts. Fiction knows no greater miracle of selfishness than Patricia Crewdson; her sister Rachel is a paragon of meekness and other virtues not commonly found; Herbert Omerod, who completes the trinity, is the most devoted lover you will meet with in three months' conscientious perusal of erotic novels. And, indeed, one need not pine for the reappearance of the sort of man who lets himself be consistently flouted by his fiancée in her days of poverty, who does not expect a single love-letter during an indefinite absence, who is practically turned out of the

house by her when he goes to tell her that her mother is dying, but who, nevertheless, calmly jilts her sister and returns to his old allegiance when her short-lived affluence is past. Even the minor characters of the book leave the same impression of being personified abstractions. Mrs. Crewdson might be Peevishness, Mr. Dennington-Parker Respectability, and Mr. Bernard Dennington-Parker Stolidity. Mr. Sanders would achieve better effects if he were content to use lower tones. We know that extremes meet; but so numerous a convocation of them as is found in this *Comedy of Three* fails to convince.

A Slight Indiscretion. By Mrs. Edward Cartwright. "Little Novels Series." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is an unpretentious little study of the ethics of flirtation. The lady knows it is a flirtation. The gentleman does not, and when he finds out he shoots himself. The theme has been treated before, but Mrs. Cartwright's variation is abundantly justified by its simplicity and insight. The character of Maud, the flirt, is well drawn.

A Laddy in her ain Richt: a Brief Romance. By Mrs. Tom Kelly. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THERE is one delectable thing about *A Laddy in her ain Richt*, and that is an excellent reproduction (by way of frontispiece) of a portrait—by whom we know not, but set down as—of the lovely "Alicia, Countess of Karmore." That portrait piques our interest and predisposes us to be taken with the story of the lady. But, alas! and alas! disappointment and weariness grow as we read. It proves mere windiness of sentiment and wordiness of speech; and yet it had possibilities. There is a very picturesque Highland glen; there is also a good Highland character, Niel MacCrim, the gamekeeper; and there is a runaway daughter with a love-match. Moreover, there is an immense amount of shooting; so much that we cannot determine whether the "brief romance" which the secretary, Robert Graeme, purports to tell is truly of love or of sport.

A Golden Autumn. By Mrs. Alexander. (F. V. White.)

A NOVEL by an old and practised hand like Mrs. Alexander is like a bit of character-acting by an old stager: the "go," the inspiration may be wanting; but the long exercise, the smooth and facile method are all there, producing with little or no effort an artistic effect which youth and inexperience may toil to compass with much striving and many tears, and fail egregiously. *A Golden Autumn* is a well-contrived and well-conducted story of matrimonial friction between a pair, who are well enough mated, but for *les convenances*; they separate and come together again, after some while, and that is their "golden autumn." It is a sufficiently interesting and amusing story, done—as we have said—with the ease, skill, and the calculated effect of the old hand; and Lady Mary Damer is particularly well and freshly rendered.

Judy, a Jilt. By Mrs. Conney. (Jarrold & Sons.)

"THE girl is impossible," was the Hon. Mrs. Hunter's comment on the young lady in question. It is too true. Judy was impossible. She was the sort of girl who spends half her life in doing things which she spends the other half in regretting. The tempestuous progeny of a sharper and a ballet girl was not suited to the equable atmosphere of drawing-rooms, though she took kindly enough to the hunting field and to the officers of the 25th. The circumstance of her becoming engaged to the grizzled colonel of the regiment, instead of to the officer who bestowed his hand on a rector's daughter, supplies sufficient explosive material to make an interesting novel. Judy is, indeed, a very clever study of feminine character in one of its most fascinating phases. The girl who does heartless things while not herself heartless may be a contradiction in terms, but the world is still illogical enough to admit her as a fact. Poor Judy, though she is in love with another man, tricks herself out in all her finery with intent to entrap the miserable lout who is coming to visit her mistress, his aunt. She succeeds: to her own undoing. *Judy*, it should be said, is a tragedy.

Weighed in the Balance. By Harry Lander. (John Lane.)

THERE is a desperate earnestness about the composition of Mr. Lander's *Weighed in the Balance* which nearly compromises its real power. The writer has produced a strong piece of work, but its strength repels for want of a single attractive character in the story. Yet as a picture of a money-making society, and a psychological study of a "man of the people" with such a man's ideals of success, this book is a notable one. And its succession of scenes, from the Yorkshire manufacturing district to the roughest mining camp in America, are drawn with considerable talent. The latter part of the story is a picture of unredeemed Mammonism. And yet it is the writer's purpose and not his limitation. There lingers in the memory that description of the Yorkshire lad's boyhood and his finer possibilities. Here is one scene from the Calvinistic chapel, when Hannah Sarah, the most popular lass in the mill, made her "confession":

"However infamous the others might be, she, at all events, was pure and unsullied as an angel. As she spoke I had a mist before my eyes, and turned hot and cold with horror, for she seemed to be the worst sinner there. Wringing her hands, with her face wet with tears, she confessed to half-a-dozen 'unpardonable sins,' one 'thorn in the flesh,' a stumbling-block, and a cloud between herself and the Lord."

"I sprang to my feet and cried, 'Mr. Downey, don't ee believe she, our Hannah Sarah be th' best lass o' th' toon. Thee ask our John Thomas and neighbour Norton . . .'" "Jimmy," said the minister very kindly, "you're too young to understand the goodness of God and the blessed sacrifice of Christ."

This earlier part is first-rate; but "The World," "The Flesh," and "The Devil" are depressing. Let Mr. Lander give us more about Yorkshire.



EDMUND WALLER

From the Picture by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery



SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

MR. MEREDITH
ON COMEDY.

THE expected reprint of the essay on Comedy which Mr. Meredith once upon a time contributed to the *New Quarterly Magazine* comes at last, 105 pages strong, cased in brown buckram. The magazine article, it should be mentioned, was itself a version of a lecture delivered at the London Institution on February 1, 1877. Mr. Meredith has not thought it needful to write a preface, but we quote the following passage in which he touches on the rarity of true comedy under the sun:

"There are plain reasons why the comic poet is not a frequent apparition, and why the great comic poet remains without a fellow. A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience. The semi-barbarism of merely giddy communities, and feverish emotional periods, repel him; and also a state of marked social inequality of the sexes; nor can he whose business is to address the mind be understood where there is not a moderate degree of intellectual activity.

"Moreover, to touch and kindle the mind through laughter demands more than sprightliness, a moral subtle delicacy. That must be a natal gift in the comic poet. The substance he deals with will show him a startling exhibition of the dyer's hand, if he is without it. People are ready to surrender themselves to witty thumps on the back, breast, and sides; all except the head: and it is there that he aims. He must be subtle to penetrate. A corresponding acuteness must exist to welcome him. The necessity for the two conditions will explain how it is that we count him during centuries in the single number."

A COLLECTION
OF BALLADS.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have begun to issue a new series of duodecimo volumes called "Chapman's Diamond Library." The series is intended to include the masterpieces of English literature mainly in the form of anthologies or collections. Thus the first volume, just published, is *A Collection of Ballads*. Mr. Andrew Lang has edited this. The next two volumes will enshrine Sonnets, and Epigrams and Epitaphs. From Mr. Andrew Lang's preface to his selection of old English and Scottish ballads we quote the following passage, in which he indicates the beginnings of song in all countries:

"Poetry begins, as Aristotle says, in improvisation. Every man is his own poet, and, in moments of strong emotion, expresses himself in song. A typical example is the Song of Lamech in Genesis:

'I have slain a man to my wounding
And a young man to my hurt.'

Instances perpetually occur in the Sagas: Getin, Egil, Skarphedin are always singing. In *Kidnapped* Mr. Stevenson introduces 'The Song of the Sword of Alan,' a fine example of Celtic practice: words and air are beaten out together, in the heat of victory. In the same way the women sung improvised dirges, like Helen; lullabies, like the lullaby of Dante in 'Simonides'; and flower songs, as in modern Italy. Every function of life, war, agriculture, the chase, had its appropriate magical and mimetic dance and song, as in Finland, among Red Indians, and among Australian blacks. 'The deeds of men' were chanted by heroes, as by Achilles; stories were told in alternate verse and prose; girls, like Homer's Nausicaa, accompanied dance and ball play, priests and medicine-men accompanied rites and magical ceremonies by songs."

THE late Sir Benjamin VITA MEDICA. Ward Richardson finished the chapters of his *Vita Medica*, now published by Messrs. Longmans, on the evening in which his last illness seized him. How noble and fervent was Dr. Richardson's conception of his own calling appears in the following passage, which he quotes in his preface from an address delivered by him in 1867 to the St. Andrews' Graduates' Association:

"The glories of that happier time, for which all creation yearns, what are they but the glories of life relieved from pain, from want, from care? Are not these reliefs our duties? Is it not our office to be the first of men to pluck the curse of pain from the whole earth? Is it not our office to economise the gifts of Nature, and lend her wealth to health? Is it not our office to soothe the troubled mind and bring the disturbed brain to equilibrium of power? If these be not our offices, who are the blessed that claim them? If they be—then the sweetest singer of Israel, telling of the times when 'there shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days'; and the Roman poet singing the

'Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo';

and the mighty apostle, thundering through the ages, 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death'; then these are our prophets, proclaiming to us our mission, and assuring us that,

if the mission be faithful and their prophetic visions true, we, in life or in death, shall be as kings in the kingdom of our Father."

The unselfish activities and enthusiasms which pulsed through Dr. Richardson's career are surely reflected in the dedication which he chose for his book: "To the Student of the Future."

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TWO works on educational methods, issued by the Cambridge University Press, call for mention. The one is entitled *Chapters on the Aims and Practice of Teaching*, and is edited by Mr. Frederic Spencer, M.A., of the University College of North Wales; the other—which might well bear the same title though it belongs to a remote epoch—is a series of essays on education by Vittorino da Feltre and other Humanist educators. Mr. Spencer has committed the various branches of school work—Greek, Latin, French, History, Geometry, Chemistry, &c., &c.—to separate hands for treatment, while the tone of the work is indicated by his insistence that the important thing is not to determine what shall go into a curriculum or be kept out, but how best to teach whatever is taught. The essays of Vittorino da Feltre and his fifteenth century contemporaries are edited by Mr. W. H. Woodward, who has undertaken his task in the belief that it will serve a good purpose to consider "the experiences and the avowed ideals of a period in which our classical education of to-day received its first and, in some respects, its noblest impress." *Beauty and Art* is the comprehensive and problematical title of a nicely published book by Mr. Aldam Heaton. The title-page is decorated with three gentian flowers in all their blueness. Mr. Aldam's essays, which are outspoken, are concerned with "Taste," "Beauty in Form and Colour," "The Decoration of the Home," "Fabrics," and "Furniture and Decoration." Several of these have been read before various architectural associations. *Eastern Persian Irak*, by General A. Houtum-Schindler, is published by the Royal Geographical Society through Mr. John Murray, and is practically a first account of certain *terra incognita* in Persia.

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A NEW edition of "Burns," bound in buckram, prodigally gilded, and displaying an excellent "Lemercier-gravure" of Nasmyth's portrait of the poet opposite a designed and rubricated title-page—such is Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.'s latest enterprise in cheap publishing. This stately volume of nearly 600 pages is issued at three-and-sixpence, and will be sold at the usual discount by the bookseller. The edition claims to be very complete; a glossary is not wanting, and the preface is the one which Burns wrote in the Kilmarnock edition of 1786. The "Temple Classics" series is slowly taking all literature for its province. It now gives us the first volume of a new edition of Florio's *Montaigne*. This supplies the want—which was becoming acute—of

an inexpensive, yet worthy, presentation of the most persuasive and reasonable of moralists. The present edition is edited by Mr. A. Rayney Waller, who will supply notes, appendices, and glossaries to each of the volumes, the sixth, and last, of which will be seen by November. Mr. Percy Faraday Frankland's *Our Secret Friends and Foes* has reached a third edition. Into it Mr. Frankland has put a new chapter dealing with the most recent applications of bacteriological knowledge in medicine and agriculture. It should be remembered that the book is for the general reader. The official *Year-Book of the Church of England* for 1897 is before us; it forms the fourteenth annual issue of this useful publication.

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Flames, by Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of *The Green Carnation* and *An Imaginative Man*, is a very bulky novel, and, judging by the opening chapters, is likely to make the flesh of a good many of its readers creep. *A Passing Madness* is Miss Florence Marryat's new and perhaps

ninetieth novel; and its title may be taken in the most literal sense, the story being concerned with a clouded mind into which we believe the sunshine of reason pierces its way again. *Guavas the Tinner*, by S. Baring-Gould, looks like strong meat. The frontispiece gives us a wild moor, in the foreground of which we see a man, a woman, and a wolf. The man is standing against a high post, with his left hand raised above his head and transfixed to the post by a knife driven through the palm. Entering to him on the right is a tall and stately woman. The half-tamed wolf glares at her approach. The man is Eldad Guavas, a tinner, thus punished for appropriating gold, the due of the Crown according to law. The time is that of Elizabeth. The woman—but the story is Mr. Gould's. Mr. Joseph Forster makes, we fancy, his first attempt in novel-writing in *From Grub to Butterfly*. From this early sentence, "My story opens in the small, dirty back kitchen of a sordid-looking tenement very near Walworth-road Station," we are perhaps justified in thinking that the vogue of the "mean street" is not without attractions to the author. *The Career of Claudia* is a new novel by Frances Mary Peard, the author of *The Rose Garden* and other stories. We may say that this is a story in which the impact of an advanced girl on her old-fashioned cousins in a country house is described and elaborated. *Quo Vadis* is the latest translation from the work of Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist. It has just been issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. in the English of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who, in a short, interesting introduction, reminds us that, whereas Sienkiewicz's three earlier stories—*With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*—were concerned with the early struggles between Poland and Russia, *Quo Vadis* carries us away into the great conflict of moral ideas with the Roman Empire—that conflict "from which Christianity issued as the leading force in history." *Quo Vadis*, we may add, has been a great success in America.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

TEXTS AND STUDIES. Edited by J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. Vol. V. No. 1: Apocrypha Anecdota II. By M. R. James. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE APOSTOLIC MINISTRY IN THE SCOTTISH CHURCH. By Robert Herbert Story. Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.

A DEAD MAN'S THOUGHTS. By Rev. Edgar Foster. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

VITA MEDICA. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. Longmans, Green & Co. 16s.

THE STORY OF ALBERT THE GOOD. By W. J. Wintle. The Sunday School Union. 1s.

FOREIGN STATESMEN: MARIA THERESA. By Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D. And JOSEPH II. By the same author. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.

THE STAPLETONS OF YORKSHIRE. By H. E. Chetwynd-Stapilton. Longmans, Green & Co. 14s.

ANTIQUARIAN.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS: WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. Dean FAYAR. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. By the Rev. Canon BONHAM. ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY. By the Rev. Canon Liddell. YORK MINSTER. By the Rev. Dean Percy-Cust. Isbister & Co. 1s. each.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. Edited by George Laurence Gomme. English Topography: Part IX.—Nottinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Rutlandshire. Elliot Stock.

GEOGRAPHY.

EASTERN PERSIAN IRAN. By General A. Houtum-Schindler. John Murray. 5s.

FICTION.

FROM GRUB TO BUTTERFLY. By Joseph Forster. Ward & Downey. 6s.

FLAMES. By Robert Hichens. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

THE CAREER OF CLAUDIA. By Frances Mary Peard. Richard Bentley & Son.

A PASSING MADNESS. By Florence Marryat. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

ALL IN ALL. By Corinna Bruce. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

SELF-SHREKERS. By André Raffalovich. Leonard Smithers.

GUAVAS THE TINNER. By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen & Co. 6s.

A SPOTLESS REPUTATION. By Dorothea Gerard. William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.

"QUO VADIS." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. J. M. Dent & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHAPTERS ON THE AIMS AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING. Edited by Frederic Spencer, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

VITTORINO DA FELTRE, AND OTHER HUMANIST EDUCATORS. By William Harrison Woodward. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: CHAUCER—THE PROLOGUE AND THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE. Edited by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. 2s. 6d.

PITT PRESS SERIES: BACON'S ESSAYS. Edited by Alfred S. West, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

PSYCHOLOGY.

UNTHINKABLES. By Frederic H. Balfour. Richard Bentley & Son.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

ON VELDT AND FARM. By Frances Macnab. Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d.

POETRY.

CHAPMAN'S DIAMOND LIBRARY: I. A COLLECTION OF BALLADS. Edited by Andrew Lang. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Bliss, Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

BEAUTY AND ART. By Aldam Hoston. W. Heinemann. 6s.

AN ESSAY ON COMEDY. By George Meredith. Archibald Constable & Co. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: 1897. S.P.C.K. 3s.

THE NARRATIVE OF MY EXPERIENCE AS A VOLUNTEER NURSE IN THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. By Anne Thacker. Abbott, Jones & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE ANNUAL CHARITIES REGISTER AND DIGEST. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s.

SCIENCE.

OUR SECRET FRIENDS AND FOES. By Percy Faraday Frankland. S.P.C.K.

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY: SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1895-6. Part III.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE first number of the new paper to be produced by amalgamating *The British Review* and *The National Observer* will be dated March 20. Its title will be *The British Review and National Observer*. Mr. W. H. Mallock will be the editor, having the benefit of Mr. Vincent's advice; and the price will be threepence. Lord Dunraven, who was the owner of *The National Observer*, will retain a proprietary interest.

YET another daily paper! The new venture is to be called the *Daily American*. It will be published by Mr. Arthur C. Pearson; and, as its name implies, will be the organ of the American colony in London. Arrangements have been made for a special telegraphic service from the United States.

THE real feature, as all connoisseurs are aware, of the great Wallace collection which is left to the country upon terms so easy to acquiesce in, is its stupendous treasures of French Art—not chiefly, as has been pointed out erroneously, the now perhaps over-rated works of the "Romantics," from Delacroix downwards, but, rather, the far more characteristic, epoch-making works of the French school; the masters of the eighteenth century, from Watteau to Fragonard. French eighteenth century art is not represented in the Wallace collection by drawings, as in the De Goncourt, or by fine prints, as in the De Behague collection; but by furniture and pictures. In the gallery of Hertford House there is assembled an all but unparalleled collection of Reissner marquetry, of Buhl cabinets, of delicate and costly things fashioned by Gouthière. All over the house the collection of French paintings attests the taste not only of the late Sir Richard, but of the late Marquis.

THE Watteaus, though it is true that they do not rival the treasures of Potsdam—where, among other things, the engraved version of "L'Embarquement pour Cythère" is to be found—and though they do not include among their number any one thing comparable with a certain picture which it is the privilege of Edinburgh to display—are yet of a kind to remove from us the reproach that the National collections in London possess no instance of Watteau's art. Bouchers, which used to be looked down upon, and which, no doubt, the devotees of the Primitive still sneer at, are present in fine quality; and among the Fragonards there is the gay and famous picture called "Les Hasards Heureux de l'Escarpolette"—a pretty lady happy, and, by her prettiness, the cause of happiness to others, as she sits in a swing.

To the late Dr. Cobham Brewer, who has just died at the age of eighty-seven, all journalists, and a considerable proportion of the public, owe a debt of gratitude for his admirable books of reference—*The Reader's Handbook* and *The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. Dr. Brewer's was a busy life. His

Guide to Science, written in both English and French, has given thousands of children their first intelligent interest in the laws of nature.

ONE of the last of the race of great print-sellers passes away by the death of M. Bouillon, of the Rue des Saints-Pères. Like Clément, whom he succeeded, he held the honoured post of "Marchand d'Estampes de la Bibliothèque Nationale"; and, though he was not at all a frequent traveller, the very greatest print sales, whether in London, Vienna, or Berlin, saw him, in his unemotional and semi-Flemish way, the sure acquirer of treasures worth a thousand guineas apiece. Some of the finest and rarest Rembrandts that ever came into the market had passed through his hands. Sitting—where he was generally to be found—in his little front shop only a door or two up the street from the quay and the river, M. Bouillon had seen and judged, and given the most honest and capable advice upon, the class of engravings of which people of the wealth of the Rothschilds are accustomed to dispute the possession.

M. BOUILLON—he was known only as "Monsieur Jules" in the great days of Clément—was not actually old—he was of comfortable middle age—but he was of the old school. The modern conditions of what is called the "print market" do not tend to the perpetuation or repetition of such a type; yet even now, fortunately, the collector in London or in Stuttgart, in Berlin or Vienna, is not at a loss in obtaining sound judgment upon things of value—there are younger men in the field. But M. Bouillon was of a time when Marc Antonio was rated as the equal of Dürer, and when, in etching, Ostade and Berghem were collected in preference to Méryon.

MR. H. G. WELLS, who will be the guest of the evening at the next dinner of the New Vagabond Club, is already at work upon a new novel. The story he lately finished—*The War of the Worlds*—an eerie account of those who dwell in Mars, and the effect of their sudden appearance upon these islands—will appear serially in *Pearson's Magazine*. Mr. Frankfort Moore is no less indefatigable than Mr. Wells. Two novels from his pen may be expected shortly—*The Jessamy Bride* (which recently ran through *The Illustrated London News*) and *The Millionaire*.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has recently finished a new story, of some twelve thousand words in length, which he calls *Slaves of the Lamp*.

MR. W. B. YEATS, the Irish poet, has three books in preparation. These are *The Sacred Rose*, a volume of fantastic stories; *The Shadowy Waters*, a volume of poems; and a novel to be called *The Benisons of the Fixed Stars*. Good titles, all three.

THE English scholar and the American scholar, when it comes to "howlers," are much on an equality. The *Atlantic Monthly* cites a few recent mistakes of American origin. Answering a literary paper, one student referred to Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality felt in Childhood"; another summarised D. G. Rossetti's poetical achievements by saying, "Rossetti wrote a number of sonnets and put them in his wife's coffin; they were called the 'House of Wife.'" Another said "Shelley lived in the clouds and was struck by lightning"; another, "Shelley tried to penetrate the ruling principle of life, but it easily eluded him."

OUTSIDE of literature, as the students would say, the statements are not less welcome. "King Charles," wrote one competitor, "did not realise that anything important had taken place until he was executed." "The early Germans," wrote another, "had no word for what we term a carbuncle, but the pain experienced from stepping on one was so great that a forcible term had to be borrowed from the Latin."

In connexion with the appearance of Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* I might remark that "C. K. S.," writing in the *Illustrated London News*, says that there are rumours in New York of a stage version of *Evan Harrington*.

In the same paragraph "C. K. S." mentions that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is dramatising *A Lady of Quality*, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford one of her stories. Meanwhile, a version of *Tess* has been produced in New York very successfully. On the other hand, Mr. Marion Crawford's attempt to turn *Dr. Claudius* into a play has been a conspicuous failure. Why *Dr. Claudius* should have been chosen out of all Mr. Crawford's novels I cannot conceive; for there is nothing dramatic in it, except the ascent to the masthead, and that is the kind of incident that occurs "off."

THE first four volumes of Messrs. Isbister & Co.'s series of little monographs on the English cathedrals are very attractive. In Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin's humorous tale, *A Cathedral Courtship*, there is a character—Aunt Celia—quite typical of the cathedral lover, to whom they should all be dedicated. The books, which are extremely slight, have been entrusted to authorities. The Dean of Canterbury writes of Westminster Abbey; the Dean of York, of York Minster; Canon Benham, of Winchester Cathedral; and Canon Liddell, of St. Alban's Abbey. The illustrations, which by their very nature cannot do justice to the dignity of the architecture, but, at any rate, convey a rudimentary idea of it, are by Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. Alexander Ansted, and Mr. F. G. Kitton. I rather wish that white parchment had not been chosen for the covers, because it so quickly soils; but otherwise one has only praise.

LONGFELLOW's Wayside Inn, which is situate at Sudbury, Massachusetts, has, I

am glad to say, fallen into good hands. A Boston antiquarian has bought the house for the purpose of converting it into a permanent memorial of the poet. He intends to restore it to the condition in which it was when Longfellow wrote there, and to add objects of interest. The Wayside Inn will thus become more of a shrine than ever.

I FIND in the *Journal of Education* a "gumption paper" recently placed before the boys in a school at Clapham to test their knowledge of the life around them. It seems to me a very excellent plan to ask these general questions. I quote a few of the Clapham questions, of which there are twelve in all—

"Name the authors of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Paradise Lost*, *Bleak House*, *Utopia*, *She*, *The Earthly Paradise*, *Sartor Resartus*, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

"In connexion with South Africa, give (a) the name of the President of the Transvaal; (b) the names of three of the leaders of the recent raid into that country; (c) the name of the English Colonial Secretary. (d) Where are the leaders of the raid at the present time?"

"What planet is now a brilliant object in the S.E. sky at 8 p.m.? Make sketches of the Great Bear and Orion. During what months are meteors most common? Compare the weather of October and November of this year.

"In connexion with cricket, give (a) the champion county for 1896; (b) the name of the Australian captain; (c) the name of the batsman who made the greatest number of runs last season; (d) the winner of the 'Varsity match; (e) fill in the names to the following initials of celebrated cricketers: W. G. —, K. S. —, J. T. —, W. W. —, K. J. —, S. M. J. —.

"Sketch, side by side, a leaf of an oak tree and one of a Spanish chestnut."

In a symposium in the *Temple Magazine* on the art "of writing" a short story, Mr. Robert Barr quotes the following piece of counsel once offered to him by the late Captain Mayne Reid: "Never," said the gallant captain, "never surprise the British public; they don't like it. If you arrange a pail of water above a door so that when an obnoxious boy enters the room the water will come down upon him, take your readers fully into your confidence long before the deed is done. Let them help you to tie up the pail, then they will chuckle all through the chapter as the unfortunate lad approaches his fate, and when he is finally deluged they will roar with delight and cry, 'Now he has got his dose!'"

I TURN always with particular readiness to the remarks of the East Aurora School of Philosophy which are published at the end of the vivacious and belligerent *Philistine* month by month. In the current number the East Aurora come "down" on Mr. Edward W. Bok, of the *Young Ladies' Journal*, and on the hub of the universe. This is how Boston is treated:

"Let's see, let's see, what's that they pursue in Boston? Oh, yes, Culture, that's it. In East Aurora we don't have to pursue for Culture—she feels at home and abides with us."

At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Royal Literary Fund, held on Wednesday at Adelphi-terrace, Sir Theodore Martin presented the registrar's report, which showed that thirty-three grants had been made during the year, to the amount of £2,080, as compared with forty-three grants, amounting to £1,905, in 1895. The cash account showed the receipts for the year to have been £3,067, and the disbursements £2,639, leaving a balance of £428.

THE bidding for the original MSS. of Keats's *Endymion* and *Lamia* at Messrs. Sotheby's on Wednesday was spirited. Mr. Pearson carried off both prizes, for the sums of £695 and £305 respectively.

THE ONLOOKER.

THE loan collection in connexion with the Amateur Art Exhibition will this year consist of portraits by Count d'Orsay and A. E. Chalon, R.A., old English enamels (Battersea, Bilston, &c.), and Marcasite jewellery. The Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot, hon. secretary, would be much obliged if anyone willing to lend any of the above would communicate with Lady Stephenson, 46, Ennismore-gardens, S.W.

At the forthcoming meeting of the Folklore Society, to be held at 22, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, on Tuesday next, at 8 p.m., under the presidency of Mr. Alfred Nutt, a paper "On the Fetish View of the Human Soul," which promises to be of exceptional interest, will be read by Miss M. Kingsley, the well-known African traveller, who will also exhibit some Fan charms.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS will publish shortly *The Canon*, by Mr. Lewis Hartley, an historical work dealing with one of the most difficult of modern problems—namely, what constituted the canon of the priest, artist, and writer of antiquity. Everybody knows that there was a literary and artistic canon regarded among Greeks, Hebrews, and Christians as something venerable and holy. The writer points out that mysterious secrets, similar to those of the old Pagan cults, are contained in the description of the Tabernacle, Solomon's temple, Ezekiel's visions, and the new Jerusalem of the Apocalypse.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL are publishing this week a work entitled *Cecil Rhodes: a Biography, and an Appreciation*, by "Imperialist," with map and portraits and supplementary chapters by Dr. Jameson, entitled "My Reminiscences of Cecil Rhodes." This is the only authoritative biography of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and contains important matter not hitherto given to the public. The book, in crown 8vo, cloth bound, contains over 400 pages.

PROF. GILBERT MURRAY's *History of Ancient Greek Literature*, the first volume in Mr. Heinemann's new "Literatures of the World" Series, will be published on March 12.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York, have secured the American copyright of the new *Dictionary of the Bible* which is being edited by the Rev. James Hastings, D.D. They will publish it simultaneously with Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

MR. SHERARD, whose record of a conversation with Ibsen recently lent vivacity to the pages of *The Humanitarian* and caught Christiania by the ears, now, in the March number of the same magazine, passes Björnson under review; but with only a fraction of the spirit with which he tackled the author of *Little Eyolf*. Admonished, perhaps, by the reception which was given the Ibsen interview in Christiania, he no longer adopts the interview form, and we have from him but one remark in Björnson's own words, and that a question. "What, sir," he asked of Mr. Sherard, "may have impressed you most in our capital town?" Mr. Sherard's reply occupies some two hundred words, and he then adds: "I cannot remember what was Björnson's comment on my remark." After this, except that it contains one or two other of the novelist's opinions, the article becomes an account of Björnson's characteristics, such as any perceptive critic might have prepared without a visit to the man at all. One is disappointed in Mr. Sherard: he led us to expect more: to him, if to no other in these dull times, the present writer looks for something of recklessness and the vivid historic present. It is hard when our sharpshooters, the raiders of journalism, such as he, baulk us of our hopes. Yet it must be conceded that Björnson, both as author and as personality, is less interesting than Ibsen, that other Scandinavian luminary. Side by side they shine, but Ibsen's is the stronger light, although were Ibsen eliminated Björnson would be no mean literary hero for a nation to exult over. As a force he is not to be equalled. Ibsen is the greater genius, but Björnson fills a larger place in the field. He is always the man of action, the unrelenting, reforming force. Ibsen stands by and observes.

Let us, however, see what manner of man Björnstjerne Björnson may be according to the chastened "study" which Mr. Sherard offers. He is sixty-five and yet a boy. His "enthusiastic optimism is that of the merriest lad." "He is buoyant, he is exuberant, a man of torrential eloquence." Christiania, on the occasion of the Nansen reception, was "ringing with Björnson's leonine voice"—such is Mr. Sherard's graphic way of putting it—while the disappearance of Ibsen was everywhere commented upon. Yet the disappearance of Ibsen should by this time be understood. Mr. Sherard was indeed so struck by the bonhomie, the sociability and joviality of the man, that he ventured to say something of the contrast such a temperament offered to the "gloomy moroseness of one whom the world has come to look upon as the expositor of the Norwegian characters." This was daring, but successful. Björnson answered, "repudiating that person's claim to represent the Norwegians in any way." "That person" is an illuminative phrase; and it is a little hard on the author of *Pillars of Society* and *Brand* if it is not allowed that he represents the Norwegians "in any way." The rift between Björnson and Ibsen must be gaping horribly for such a remark to be possible. Of his other contemporaries Björnson did not

choose to speak. He seemed, says Mr. Sherard, somewhat to resent a question whether he knew personally such or such an author. Such discretion proves that Björnson at any rate knew Mr. Sherard.

Björnson is a patriot. His patriotism takes the form of protesting against the preference for Sweden which, in King Oscar is so evident. It does not, however, keep him as a dweller in his beloved Norway; Copenhagen is his headquarters, and he is often in Paris, often in Italy. When in Christiania he uses a hotel; his Norwegian home is at Aulestad, where one of his sons is an agriculturist, about eight hours distant. In this house Björnson, though no teetotaler, enforces teetotalism. He holds that at a time when the drink difficulty is so serious as it now is in Norway, a Norwegian who loves his country's good must abstain from alcohol for the sake of example.

Besides the son who is an agriculturist, he has one in the Chinese Customs and one an actor. His daughter, Fru Sigurd Ibsen, is reputed the wittiest and prettiest woman in Christiania. Björnson's favourite among his own works is the play *Ueber die Kraft*. Such is the extent of the information about Ibsen's brother in letters which Mr. Sherard is disposed to give us. An interview with a man of "torrential eloquence" might have yielded more.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON AS CRITIC.

AN OLD FEUD RECALLED.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD is now so retiring a writer, and so chastened is his imagination, that only by those whose memory for literary events is good would it be believed that he was once the cause of a very Donnybrook row among the critics. Few authors—and probably no writers of tales intended solely to entertain—have been more turbulently attacked and defended. For Mr. Haggard's defence Mr. Andrew Lang—in the reviews—and schoolboys—everywhere—were chiefly busy, although he numbered, and still numbers, many other good intellects. For the prosecution the late Mr. James Runciman was prominent, backed by a large force. Among these was a certain anonymous writer who made the *Fortnightly* his arena, and of whose prowess (and the anti-Haggard turmoils generally) we are reminded by an article in the current *Westminster Review*. This article, which is signed "M. C. Hughes," is an appreciation of Mr. William Watson, and the statement is there made that the unsigned attack upon Mr. Haggard in the *Fortnightly* of September, 1888, called "The Fall of Fiction," which excited such controversy for a few weeks, was from Mr. Watson's pen. To those within the pale the secret was known at the time, but the public was not initiated, and Mr. Watson did not reprint the article in his *Excursions in Criticism*. His indictment of Mr. Haggard is memorable for more reasons than one: for the vigour of its style—it is quite the most vigorous thing in prose that Mr. Watson has done; for the invincible and whole-souled hostility which it displayed to Mr.

Haggard's peculiar genius; and also for the spirited reply which it drew from Mr. Lang in the October *Contemporary*. Mr. Lang was never in better form: he met his adversary as squarely as it is possible to meet a man who conceals his identity, and hit straight from the shoulder, blow after blow. We do not propose to re-open the matter. It would be fair neither to Mr. Watson, who may have changed his opinions, nor to Mr. Haggard, who has lived down the outcry against him. But it is, we think, of interest to admirers of Mr. Watson to know where they may find the poet in this Berserk mood. Readers of *The Year of Shame* know that mood in poetry. In prose it is unfamiliar.

There is, however, a passage in Mr. Lang's article in protest against Mr. Watson's contention that because Mr. Haggard was popular fiction had therefore fallen, which for its temperateness and sound sense may well be quoted to-day:

"It is not possible," wrote Mr. Lang, "as far as history shows, that any form of literature should be perpetually 'culminating.' We have not a Thackeray, we have not a Dickens; in the face of the admirers of *Robert Elsmere* I shall not say that we have not a George Eliot. But have we not, as befits an advanced democracy, the small change, *la monnaie*, of these authors? Would Dickens not have delighted in much of Mr. Besant's work, which, indeed, is often as enjoyable as Dickens? Would Thackeray have failed to recognise a worthy follower in Mr. Norris, who is, indeed, the Thackeray of a later age? As to Mr. Stevenson, if Sir Walter would not have been proud to sign many passages in *Kidnapped*, if Hogg would not have given 'a herd of paulies' to have written *Thrawn Janet*, my taste is the more sadly to seek. The student is not to be condoled with who has a novel of Mr. Christie Murray's 'by his bed-head' or in his railway carriage; in Mr. George Meredith we have a mine of gold, perhaps needing a little to be worked over by the explorer; and for unassuming diversion, and a merry heart that goes all the way, we have Mr. James Payn. He who can read *High Spirits* and not be convulsed almost hysterically may go write articles on 'The Fall of Fiction,' and may therein forget the existence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and of Mr. William Black, and of Miss Rhoda Broughton. Fiction has not fallen; fiction can never fall while human nature lasts."

To the writer in need of a literary subject we might recommend a history of the literary disputes—plagiaristic and otherwise—of the last quarter of the century.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XVIII.—EDMUND WALLER.

If you ask a high-school girl concerning Edmund Waller, the chances are she will quote you the first two lines of "Go, lovely rose," and come to an hesitancy. The imperfectness of the information matters the less, because, like so many other men, Waller is not represented at his best in the anthologies. The thin prettiness of the stanzas to a rose conceals a sentiment which is partly false, and, so far as true, is familiar to every lyricist since Ausonius. But it is not the utmost that Waller can do. His muse has,

but a scrannel pipe, and is much dependent upon superficial occasion, yet now and again she does most unmistakably catch the ring of authentic poetry. Had one to swear by a single specimen, it would be the lines to Sacharissa's sister, Lady Lucy Sidney.

"TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

"Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity,
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love?"

"Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
That age which you may know so soon;
The rosy morn resigns her light,
And milder glory to the noon;
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?"

"Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not looked on as a time
Of declination or decay;
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promised by the spring."

The diction, though redeemed by two happy Latinisms, will not throughout bear a searching analysis; but the neatness and polish of the whole are undeniable. The thought is not altogether a commonplace, and it is enunciated with a simplicity and a precision of which the age into which Waller was born could show him few examples. Simplicity and precision were, indeed, sadly to seek in the Caroline school; and it would be hard to match among the sons of Ben Jonson the happy lucidity of Waller's experiment in the metre dear to Wither:

"TO PHYLLIS.

"Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time:
Change in Love to heaven will climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate."

The inspiration has burrowed beneath a half-century of "metaphysical" verse, and derives straight from the limpid rills of Elizabethan pastoral.

But Waller is rarely inspired. Essentially his temperament was not that of the poet, but of the ready courtier and eloquent politician. The larger part of his biography is occupied by intrigue, always with something of the histrionic touch in it. It is not a pretty part that he plays. He shifts from faction to faction, gets entangled in a silly plot, betrays his fellow-conspirators, makes his peace with Cromwell, panegyricizes him, and at the Restoration cancels his panegyric with an epigram. For serious poetry, as for serious statesmanship, he had hardly the instinct. Yet his verse was all the vogue at the courts both of the first and the second Charles. His tombstone records him as "inter poetas sui temporis facile princeps": and until the Romantic revival discredited him, this was his effective reputa-

tion among the critics. He had, of course, the knack of gallantry, and if My Lady Carlisle put on mourning, or the scandal was bruited abroad that My Lady Sunderland painted, Mr. Waller's ready pen was always at hand to tag the affair into a compliment. And his importance in the history of English verse is out of all proportion to his merit or his genius. He did much—as much as Cowley or any man—to recall the world from the charms of the strained and the fantastic, to the charms of the simple in artifice. He was of the pioneers who gave the first check to the domination of Ben Jonson and of Donne, and made straight the ways for the clarifying reigns of Dryden and of Pope. It is with the evolution of heroic verse that Waller's name is most closely bound up; but it is upon the octosyllabic rather than the decasyllabic couplet that he has the finer touch. With a happier fate this metre, rather than that, might have become the poetical instrument of a century, and it would at least have had the advantage of declining to challenge the rhythms of blank verse. However, the gods were on the side of the decasyllables, and in the forging and tempering of the heroic couplet into the trenchant rapier it was to become Waller had "a whole hand, or at the least a main finger." In his old age the wit who had epigrammatised his way through life wrote some lines in which, for once, he touched upon the rarer wisdom and the deeper pathos.

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time
has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE pompous announcement of M. Edouard Pailleron's latest contribution to modern French drama led us to expect something of the value of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. But nothing could possibly be slighter than his volume of *Pièces et Morceaux*. One must be an Immortal to give such importance to mere fugitive work and drawing-room trifles. The three short dramatic pieces of which the volume is partly comprised are light, amusing reading, but scant entertainment, even with the aid of the most delicious toilettes of Paris and the charming grace and talents of Mlle. Reichemberg, Bartet, and Marsay for the audience of the classical Comédie Française.

"Mieux vaut Douceur" is not by any means so good as its pendent proverb, "Et Violence." The first shows the volatile Parisian husband overcome by the artistic mildness of his

wife, a subtle *ingénue*. The second exhibits the same form of unsatisfactory monster captivated by the violent jealousy of a wife far from simulating the *ingénue*—on the contrary, a suspicious widow some years older than her adored and just married partner. The scene between the jealous wife and her husband's wise and witty cousin, Henriette, is quite worthy of the author of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Hearing that the wife, in order to test her husband's virtue, has given him a false rendezvous, Henriette exclaims: "You want your husband to betray you without betraying you, to learn if he would be likely to betray you!" and her asides on jealousy and passion are delightful. "To say that she adores him, I ask myself what more could she do if she hated him!" The wife cries: "Oh, women! there isn't one who is not perfidious, lying, depraved, except you and me; and you, even—" Henriette protests. She is secure from the ravages of passion because she is never bored or curious. Her diatribe against passion is capital. Tyrannical, selfish, brutal, hateful, she qualifies it. Stupid when a woman is free; dirty when she is married. She is too proud to allow a *monsieur*, on pretext that he adores her, begin by insulting her in showing her that he wants her, and end by insulting her in showing her that he has had enough of her. The excellent reasons that follow against the *discomforts* of a *liaison* are as witty as they are sensible. The scene of reconciliation is, for such delicate workmanship, somewhat spun out and puerile. But clever as these two *proverbs* are, they are in terrible contrast with classical work of the same kind. To reach Musset by this road is an achievement beyond the inferior talent of a Pailleron. Nevertheless, one must laugh aloud even in library stillness at the brilliant little piece, "Un Grand Enterrement." The wit has none of Musset's exquisite grace, charm, delicate brilliance, and social polish. But there is a good deal of fineness in its less suggestive satire, and the characters are in capital relief. Pégomas, through the undertaker's protection, is going to speak at the great man's funeral, and explains all the splendid things he intends to say at the grave.

"You knew him, then?" asks somebody. "Not the least in the world. I called at his office three times, and was shown the door. That I could not say, but the spontaneous and respectful homage of a heart overflowing with gratitude, a revelation of a charity all the more ignored as it never existed, in causing a delicious surprise, will honour his character as well as mine, and, besides, my name will appear in all the evening papers."

The scene is very Parisian, very modern and amusing in the fullest sense.

To say that we are not yet done with the literature of *Elle* and *Lui*, and that round the graves of those miserable, unfortunate lovers of Venice, the strident voice of scandal continues not to murmur, but to clamour, is a pronouncement of destiny against illustrious frailty more excessive than that even merited by such sins against taste and passion as those of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. Hardly a month ago we had M. Paul Marieton's *Histoire d'Amour*, the defence of Musset; to-day we

have *La Véritable Histoire d'Elle et Lui* by the Vicomte de Spoelbesch de Lovenjoul. It is sentence enough, one would think, to possess such a name; but the intrepid viscount adds to this misfortune the duty of defending at this late hour (and after the melancholy Sainte-Beuve-Sand correspondence!) great George, *le parfait honnête homme*, of these somewhat ghastly so-called romantic thirties! Oh, the ins and outs, the contradictions on both sides, the mountain of lies accumulated round that eternal correspondence of George and Alfred! The goings to and fro of friends, relatives, outsiders, and enemies to decide whether the love-letters of this unhappy pair shall be burnt, or delivered before witnesses into the hands of one or the other, or their representatives! Now it is George who copies out the mutual correspondence (worse than eating cold soup, surely), and offers it for the cool inspection of Sainte-Beuve. Then Alfred gets both series of letters, in two packets, tied with black ribbon and sealed alike. Being drunk, he cannot tell which is which, and calls in his attorney to decide. The attorney calls for George Sand's man of affairs. Neither possess the clue, the Immortal continuing half or whole seas over. Meanwhile he dies, with the momentous question still unsolved. Which is George, which is Alfred? Nobody knows. The packets are identical. Whose property they are remains a vexed question. One thing we may decide in this tale of lies, invectives, statements that can never tally, that the meanest of the squalid trio is Paul de Musset, and the honestest, the cleanest, and fairest, in spite of her lies and frailties, is undoubtedly the only honest one of the party—misguided, magnanimous George. With a little humour, and less tense a feeling of the historic value of her amatory correspondence, she might have been spared a considerable portion of this posthumous scandal. From the first she would have burnt Musset's worthless correspondence, and insisted on his burning hers, and thus escaped this tragically farcical prolongation of her "entrance into the poetry of the century" in company with her sorry Romeo, her melancholy representation in the century's psychology "as an example, unique and extraordinary, of what the romantic spirit can make of creatures become its prey." To live in obscurity may be a relative blessing; but no one, after this deluge of indiscretions enduring two-thirds of a century, and forming a colossal literature round two poor human beings, will be disposed to deny that it is an unquestionable blessing to love and part in obscurity.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

La Véritable Histoire d'Elle et Lui. Vicomte de Spoelbesch de Lovenjoul.

Hortense de Beauharnais. C. d'Arjuzon.

Les Matinales. Paul Reboux.

THE BOOK MARKET.

SOME CITY BOOK-SHOPS.

THERE are less effectual ways of feeling the pulse of the reading public than to stroll through the streets with a weather-eye to the booksellers' windows. That theory, at all events, was strengthened by a journey made one afternoon this week from Liverpool-street to St. Martin's-le-Grand. The sky was clear, the air vernal, and the wish to be abroad was no doubt father to the thought just expressed. Still, a bookseller's window is not "a concatenation of fortuitous coincidences"; on the contrary, it is an appeal to the public eye dictated by interest and planned by knowledge. This was demonstrated in the very first window that came under notice—that of Mr. Stoneham's shop in Liverpool-street, immediately opposite the Great Eastern Hotel. Here a considerable section of window space had been set aside for Prayer-books and Bibles, a feature which clearly pointed to the Lenten season. This was, of course, compatible with the usual display of current and standard literature, and we noted that Liverpool-street bookbuyers are being angled for with *Ziska*, *Phroso*, *Trooper*, *Peter Halket*, *Mr. Magnus*, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall's new shilling edition of Dickens's complete works. But this was not all. It was clear that a sufficient number of strenuous young clerks, doubtless of both sexes, pass Mr. Stoneham's shop to make it worth while to keep a good stock of Nuttall's Dictionaries, Cassell's French and German Dictionaries, and other educational aid books.

Now in New Broad-street Mr. Stoneham dresses another shop in another fashion. The dictionaries vanish; the sixpenny novels also; and the display is some degrees more literary, and many degrees more stately. Here *Phroso* and *Ziska* reign, with *Hilda Strafford* quietly prominent; while the Chandos and Scott "libraries" make a brave and orderly show. The Liverpool Street Station sends out two great streams of foot passengers—one to the Bishopsgates, the other toward the Bank—and we fancy Mr. Stoneham has discerned differences in the two crowds and allowed for them. Moving West we do not move out of Mr. Stoneham's domain. His shop opposite the Stock Exchange cannot be ignored. Here is no Lenten literature; but room is found for nearly two dozen copies of *The Directory of Directories*, and several of a still bulkier work, *The Stock Exchange Year Book, 1897*. The shilling edition of *Made in Germany* is also suggestively to the front, as also a shilling pamphlet, born of the hour, called *Irish Finance, an Un-Royal Commission, and a Lady*, a name evidently distilled from a title more familiar. Here, too, *Phroso* offers healing to worried brains. But the colour note of all is the Corellian blue of *Ziska*. In all Mr. Stoneham's shops the appeal of the window is, if we may say so, to the hurried man of business, nowise to the careful book-taster or student. The book of the hour comes to the front because it is the book of the hour, and safe buying.

This is City-like. Yet the shop of Messrs. Jones & Evans, in Great Queen-street, is different. Here the book of the hour is not underlined. Often as not the best places are filled by good books published a season or more ago, and the latest work of a popular author is often less visible than his latest but one. Thus not *Margaret Ogilvy*, but *The Little Minister* represents Mr. Barrie; and works like *The Bondman*, *Rodney Stone*, the *Herb Moon*, and *Jude the Obscure* still display their frontispieces close to the window-pane. Here bookish books, too, find favour; belles-lettres; standard libraries like the "Peacock Library" of Messrs. Macmillan, and the "Temple Classics" of Messrs. Dent; and sumptuous and antiquarian books that are more commonly seen in the literary West than the commercial East. Messrs. Jones & Evans's is distinctly the shop for the City bibliophile.

Everyone knows how, as one passes westward into Cheapside, high finance and wholesale trade give place to roaring retail business. The labyrinths of streets to the right and left of Cheapside are populous of young employés and employées. Hence in his Cheapside shop Mr. Stoneham—for his territory is not yet traversed—has provided a window, gay, various, and appropriate. Here cycling maps and road books give colour. Humorous books and thrilling books, and books with frontispieces that rivet the eye, are the most honoured. And here, again, Lent receives its due. Can it be Lent that has dictated a lavish display of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *God and the Ant*, and *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*? And it is pleasant to find the window peculiarly rich in editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Ainsworth, Lytton, and Dumas. Nevertheless, not here, nor elsewhere, is the reign of *Ziska* disputed. Such is the fact. Where Cheapside at last divides stands the Peel statue, and behind this and its attendant flower-girls Mr. Dunn's great bookshop—the largest probably in the City—spreads its title-pages to the willing eye. The windows stretch round into the cool and quiet of Paternoster-row. There is room for impartiality, and we find it. *Phroso* and *Ziska*, *Peter Halket* and *The Man of Straw*, and *Hilda Strafford* and Mr. Hichens' new novel, *Flames*, can be given the precedence due to their freshness, yet they do not knock too fiercely at the door which flew open to many a good book of older date. Mr. Dunn was, we believe, the first bookseller to bind large quantities of books in calf and half-calf as gift-books. These gift-books have been a speciality of the firm for many years, and the display they make in the Paternoster-row window of Mr. Dunn's Cheapside establishment is a fine one. Prayer-books and Church of England hymn-books have always been largely stocked here, a circumstance which is explained by the solemnizing nearness of St. Paul's. To continue—and to be negligent of appropriate sequence—Mr. Dunn shows a very large number of Messrs. Chatto & Windus's good old-fashioned two-shilling novels in the well-known pictured covers. Here Huck Finn holds up his dead rabbit; here the English tourist in *Prince Otto* gazes at the prostrate

Princess (in three colours); here Mark Twain's hero tenders his million-pound note. We have admired the pictures on these novels from childhood; and our wonder grows that they have been produced systematically by only one firm. By the way, Mr. Dunn's shop occupies the site of the house where Cowper's John Gilpin, whose real name was John Beyer, once dealt in linen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MR. HENLEY'S 'BURNS.'"

Crowborough, Sussex: March 8.

The very generous article which Mr. Francis Thompson has devoted to vol. iii. of *The Centenary Burns* appears to be written on the assumption that the book and the work are "Mr. Henley's." Permit me to say that any such assumption is absolutely baseless.

The plain truth is, indeed, that had Mr. Henderson's collaboration not been available I should never have undertaken the task of producing *The Centenary Burns*; and that there is not a sentence, not an opinion, not a conclusion in our part of *The Centenary Burns* for which Mr. Henderson is not jointly responsible with myself.

W. E. HENLEY.

THE DISCOUNT SYSTEM.

London: March 9.

Not the least interesting feature of the reformed ACADEMY to many of us is "The Book Market," and especially valuable to publishers are the reports of your correspondents. The art and mystery of selling books is never learnt, except behind the counter; and those of us who have not the advantage of meeting face to face those excellent people who spend their substance in bookshops must needs depend for our information as to the manners and customs, the needs and aversions, of the bookbuyer entirely upon such reports as you give us weekly under this head.

Holding these opinions, I shall not be inconsistent, although I may seem audacious, if I hint that the less editorial comment we get the less occasion there will be to find fault. In your issue of March 6, for instance, there is rather more comment than usual, and, consequently, rather more to find fault with.

Speaking of "The Discount System," you venture upon what I think is a very questionable statement. You say: "Unfortunately, there is no exaggerating the strength of the position held by discount; it is so strong that the proposal to abolish it is no longer mooted."

Now I think you will find, if you look more closely into the matter, that although there is less talk about "discount" than before, its foes are not fewer nor less active. Indeed, a silent revolution is taking place, and the "writing on the wall" may be seen by all who are not wilfully blind in such a chronicle as the monthly lists of new books. I refer, of course, to the steady progress of the "net" system. Look at the record for a busy month like December, and you will see that out of 536 books issued 111 of them are published at net prices. At Christmas, therefore, every fifth book asked for was a net book. I shall be told, no doubt, that I am wrong because comparatively few of the popular books (novels) are issued at net prices; but I reply that novels are ephemeral, and at the end of five years the proportion of net books in steady demand would be in a far greater proportion; for, speaking generally, it is the "discount" books that will die, not the "net" books. How many of the six-shilling novels now issued at

that absurd price for purposes of discount will live even six months? The public that buys books is growing too wise to pay even 4s. 6d. for two or three hundred pages of fiction.

When I ventured, two or three years ago, to predict the downfall of this rotten and ridiculous plan of advertising books at about one-third more than their value, many of my *confrères* regarded me as a too sanguine person; but I think that you will see reason ere long to modify considerably your opinions as to the "strength of the discount system," now that it has been proved that the public will have a good book if it is to be got, whatever the price may be. Those who have tried it will affirm that at all prices, from 31s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., you can sell net books in hundreds and thousands with only one reservation—they must be books that book-buyers want.

GEORGE REDWAY.

[When we wrote that the abolition of discount is no longer mooted, we were contrasting former proposals with the present official and, as we hope, practicable one of reducing threepence to twopence. We think a third of a loaf is better than no bread; but we made our dislike of any discount plain. We should rejoice to believe that we had exaggerated the strength of the system as a whole.—ED. ACADEMY.]

A R T.

AT THE PAINTER-ETCHERS.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers shows the continued vitality of the art of Etching in England; and though it contains nothing by Mr. Whistler, Mr. Raven Hill or Mr. Edgar Wilson (who, indeed, are not members of the Society), nor by Mr. Frank Short, (who is, and whose absence vexes me sincerely), the exhibition is in the main thoroughly representative. It has variety, and it has strength. The general level that is attained this year is distinctly a high one. There is, I hope, less than ever of purely popular work, of meretricious attractiveness—work as certain to be radically bad in the pictorial arts as it is in Literature: it appeals only to the outsider, the inexperienced, the ill-informed, and the ill-organised; and with these no serious artist in any art need be concerned. If pure etching, the simple bitten line, is less exclusively relied upon than may have once been the case, that is no misfortune, and implies no decline in the merit of the exhibited work; for under the term of Painter-Etching every form of original engraving may take shelter—the line engraving of Mr. Sherborn, that recalls Aldegrevier, may lie down with the soft-ground of Mr. Oliver Hall, that recalls Cotman, with the aquatint of Mr. Urwick, say, which recalls Girtin, and with the mezzotint of the veteran President, Sir Seymour Haden, which, going exactly as far as it is safe to go, with the medium employed for this particular purpose, is wholly and delightfully original. Continuity of line—line always closely observed, yet very flexibly rendered—characterised the etched landscape of Sir Seymour, which the collector cherishes, and now in his later years the President has found in pure "scraping" the opportunity for conveying, none the less

certainly, a dignified conception, and realising a luminous effect.

To make the tour of the Gallery in regular order is to see first the etchings of Col. Goff—a charming and varied group, in which it is permissible to place first either “The Forge,” which has a delicate and homely charm, or the “Destruction of the Chain Pier,” which is most vigorous and legitimately telling, or even “Pine and Olive Trees, Monaco,” which has unquestionable grace. One of Mr. D. Y. Cameron’s prints has a needlessly abrupt, a far too arbitrary, contrast of shadow and light; but we can readily forgive Mr. Cameron that one mistake, so firm a draughtsman is he, so able to impress us with varied themes—now decorative book-plates, large and simple, now such a rendering of old Rouen houses as would have done no discredit to Méryon’s hand, and has something of his spirit. Perhaps Mr. Watson has not quite Col. Goff’s or Mr. Cameron’s variety; but as an architectural etcher he has always had firmness and knowledge, and now he gets into his work something of the engaging mystery, something of the artistic uncertainty and charming fancifulness which was to be desired, so that the work becomes, in a measure, creation as well as record. For a whole long generation, Mr. Legros has been practising, without compromise of any kind, his austere and dignified art. Charged it is sometimes, for all its austerity of line, with dramatic action, with human emotion, as in “Le Triomphe de la Mort.” Give me, for choice, however, the absolute restfulness, the delicate reticence, of “Le Pont du Moulin.” “L’Allegro” is a graceful, almost a luxurious, drypoint by Mr. A. W. Bayes: “Grief,” a majestic nudity by Mr. E. Slocombe. M. Helleu, though not at his best, is ever an engaging artist. Favourable words are spoken justly of several of the prints of Mr. Holmes May, Mr. Bryden, Mr. Charlton, Miss Bolingbroke, Mr. Charles Holroyd—admirably, indeed, does Mr. Holroyd assert the range and dignity of his art. But in this particular place there is but room enough, or time enough, to insist, ere I close, upon the quiet and sterling worth, the restful charm of Mr. Oliver Hall, who looks at Nature with the large style and with the traditions of our classics, and to make mention of the imaginative grasp and technical resource with which Mr. William Strang addresses himself to an interpretation of *The Ancient Mariner*—in itself the most imaginative thing in Nineteenth Century Literature.

F. W.

MUSIC.

“ALSO SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.”

SUCH is the title of Richard Strauss’ latest tone-poem, produced for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon. According to Mr. C. A. Barry, the analyst, this extraordinary composition is as great a puzzle as the composer’s

“Eulenspiegel.” In the latter work, although it was not easy always to make out the particular merry prank which was being illustrated, the music was there to enjoy and, to a certain extent, to admire. In “Zarathustra,” on the other hand, the programme seems the chief thing, for music, in the proper sense of the term, is, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence. The section headed “Of Delights and Passions” is interesting; it contains characteristic thematic material worked up into a fine Wagnerian frenzy, quite suitable to the superscription. Then, again, the opening of the work, with its “Nature” motif, treated also in Wagnerian style, is impressive. But the rest seems a Babel of sounds with little sense.

A POEM of Friedrich Nietzsche, in which he expounds his peculiar philosophy, was the source whence Strauss sought inspiration. Nietzsche, like Plato, Shakespeare, Goethe, and other poet-philosophers, dreamt of a race of men nearer perfection than at present exists. According to Zarathustra—that is, Nietzsche himself—man finds no real consolation in religion, no real satisfaction in the pursuit of knowledge; force of will and love of earth will be the distinguishing features of the new man, or, in Goethean phraseology, the *Uebermensch*. For art purposes such a programme does not seem altogether unreasonable: a solemn, followed by a scientific, section, and then a kind of glorified ending after the manner of Liszt in some of his symphonic poems. Mr. Barry is right when he says that, in this composition, facts and events are subservient to feeling and emotion. Still, certain indications in the score show—as do the headings of many of the movements in Kuhnau’s “Bible” Sonatas—that the composer desired the thought which prompted the mood to be revealed. Berlioz, in the preface to the score of his “Symphonie Fantastique,” tells us that he considered his music quite capable of standing on its own merits, apart from the fantastic explanatory programme which he drew up. And there is much truth in his contention, except, perhaps, with regard to the highly realistic movement entitled *Marche au supplice*. Strauss’ work, however, so novel in form, so peculiar in conception and treatment, is certainly in need of a clue; and yet although a clue through the labyrinth of sounds is given, it only serves to show the hopelessness, the folly of much of the undertaking. The section typical of religion is dull, and the one relating to science is intensely ugly—still, the use of the Gregorian intonation of the “Credo” in the one, and of the fugue form in the other, convey a certain meaning. But what about such headings as “Of Back-Worlds-Men,” or “The Convalescent One”?

Was Strauss really in earnest when he wrote this work, full of clever effects, yet also full of atrociously discordant sounds? Or was he showing the absurd results to which programme-music leads, if pushed to excess. I would like to think the latter was his object, yet I fancy that in such a

case he would have made his intention clear. Anyhow, he seems to me to have sounded a loud note of warning to himself and to all composers who are inclined to make music express what is actually beyond its powers. Strauss is an able musician, and if only he pursue a right course may rise to eminence. If Nietzsche’s philosophy attracts him, let him follow it, and seek to become an *Uebermensch*; but when he is engaged in his art let him cast that philosophy to the winds.

RELIGION, so far as I can understand Nietzsche, with the hopes which it engenders of a future and a nobler life, is but a mirage which deceives man and prevents him from realising all his latent powers; it is a mark of weakness, not strength. To discuss the validity of such opinion is not within my province. Yet I would call to mind three works, the evident outcome of religious feeling, which justly rank among the noblest treasures of art: Bach’s Mass in B minor, Mozart’s Requiem, and Wagner’s “Parsifal.” The materialistic philosophy of a Nietzsche may be capable of raising man to a higher stage of existence, but Christianity, even if only a dream, seems more congenial to musical art which, in its highest form, is by no means of the earth, earthy.

THE rendering of Strauss’ difficult work under the direction of Mr. Manns was not altogether without reproach, yet for a first performance deserves praise. The conductor opened the concert with a fine specimen of “back-world” music, namely, one of the six symphonies written by Haydn for the Loge Olympique, Paris. It may not display either the depth of thought or the sublimity of a Beethoven symphony, but its charm, brightness, and freedom from all feeling of effort served to intensify the ugliness, gloom, and labour of the modern work: the one refreshed, the other wearied. Between the two came Schumann’s pianoforte Concerto in A minor, interpreted by Mlle. Hona Eibenschutz. Her technique was excellent, but her reading of the work lacked dignity and repose.

UNTIL last Monday I had not had the opportunity of hearing the Bohemian String Quartet (MM. Hoffmann, Suk, Nedbal, and Wihan). Their third programme included Haydn’s Quartet in D minor, surnamed, probably from its opening theme, the “Quinten Quartett,” and Dvorák’s Quartet in A flat (Op. 105), two works in which the Bohemian element prevails, though in the case of the older master it is more under control. The admirable ensemble, finish, and spirit of the performances fully justified the enthusiastic reception given to the interpreters. Miss Fanny Davies joined them in Brahms’ magnificent pianoforte Quintet, and the warm and national influence of the Bohemians evidently inspired the lady, who was heard at her best. A fourth concert is announced for next Monday.

J. S. S.

NOTICE.—THOMAS HARDY'S NEW NOVEL, announced for publication in February, will be issued **NEXT TUESDAY**, March 16th. The demand being so exceptionally heavy the Publishers were compelled to delay the issue.

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